HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIII.—No. 1174.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1879, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

ENGLISH GEOGRAPHY.

John Bull. "The American war has broken out again. I don't see how the North and South can hold together much longer."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a series of spirited and interesting sketches of Gold-mining in Australia, and other attractive features.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

POLITICAL CANT.

THERE are certain things which are traditionally repulsive to a free people, and among them is military government. It represents the irresponsible action of one man, and the history of liberty is full of illustrations of popular resistance to it. Indeed, liberty has made its way over the efforts of kings to enforce their will by arms. Literature and oratory teem, therefore, with thrilling appeals against military despotism or the whim of one man, and with splendid praises of the steady and wise and equal operation of law. When our fathers formed our national government, which is none the less national because they did not call it so, they abolished every thing like monarchy, and they made regal tyranny impossible. The plan of CHARLES the First to make the country support a standing army which he should use for his own purposes, and that of GEORGE the Third to quarter troops at his pleasure to enforce upon the people laws which they had no voice in making, were full in the minds of our fathers when they provided that the army of the United States should be used by the commander-in-chief, whom the people should elect, only for national defense, and to enforce the laws which the people themselves by their representatives should enact. The instant a President should undertake to issue a single order to a military or naval officer unauthorized by law, he would be held to the strictest and sternest account.

This being the situation, to call the enforcement of laws made by the people for their own protection military despotism is political cant. Just now there is a great deal of loose and vague talk about bayonets at the polls, elections held at the point of the sword, and military supervision of the ballot. How and where? The laws of the United States under the severest penalties prohibit military interference of any kind at the polls. Not a single newspaper nor a single orator has attempted to show in what way the President as commander-in-chief, or any officer of the army or navy, can interfere with the perfect freedom of elections. The cry of bayonets at the polls has been raised by those who have been baffled in an effort to protect fraud and violence at the polls. They seek to prohibit the enforcement of laws made by the people for their own security. The cry is raised simply for the purpose of deceiving ignorant and heedless voters, and helping those who raise it to secure control of the government. A canter in the religious world is a whining, snuffling brother who pretends a sanctity and a feeling which he does not possess, and all for his own selfish purposes. He is, in a word, a hypocrite. And he is precisely the same thing in the political world. What American citizen who reads these words has ever known the polls to be surrounded by soldiers, or a sword or a bayonet to coerce a single voter? What citizen who knows the laws is not aware that such coercion is most rigorously prohibited? If a man should stand up in the city of New York or in any Western or New England village and commiserate his fellow-citizens for being obliged to vote under military supervision, he would be laughed into silence. But if such an orator were shown to be trying to make cheating easy under pretense of denouncing tyranny, there would be a tone in the laughter that he would not like.

The Democratic politicians who are trying to excite the country upon the subject had no "cry," and they were at their wits' ends to find one. A false one was better than none, and this of bayonets at the polls seemed to offer the best chance of a successful appeal to ignorance. They wish to elect the next President. Their chances would be increased by removing the defenses of honest voting, and making fraud and violence easy. To do this, they must arouse hostility to those defenses as invasions of popular liberty. So they are in the ridiculous position of passengers on a steamer solemnly declaring to their fellow-passengers that the safety-valve is a perilous contrivance, and that to sit upon it is the only way to insure the safety of the ship. The country wants, above all things, repose, and no excitement but that which naturally springs from legitimate interests and questions. But politicians, for their own ends, are trying to kindle party feeling upon a wholly factitious issue. There can not be military interference at elections. The law forbids it. Popular opinion sustains the law. The Administration heartily agrees with the people. Nobody desires or proposes such interference. And suddenly Democratic politicians, Messrs. THURMAN and BECK at the head, shout out lustily that there shall be no bayonets to overawe the elections of a free people. Of course not. There are not and will not be any bayonets for such a purpose. This attempt to raise an issue upon bayonets at the polls is but another illustration of Democratic contempt for popular intelligence. Joseph Surface and Mawworm professed the finest sentiments only because they despised the people around them. If the American people really were what the tone of many speeches and newspapers implies—a stupid multitude who believe every thing that knaves tell them—a republic would be the most ridiculous system of government conceivable. But, rigid as party rule is, experience constantly shows that there are both popular intelligence and character enough to justify the confidence and the pride of the truest American.

PRESIDENTIAL SPECULATIONS.

A REPUBLICAN correspondent, who would regret the nomination of General GRANT for a third term as a serious blunder, calls attention to some significant figures:

"During the first two years of General GRANT's term of the Presidency the Republicans had 170 members in the House of Representatives—118 from all the States of the North, and 52 from the South—while the Democrats had but 67 members—40 from the North, and 27 from the South.

"During the last two years of General GRANT's term the Republicans had but 106 members in the House—90 from the North, and 16 from the South—while the Democrats had 186 members—97 from the North, and 89 from the South.

"When General GRANT began his term of President, the Republicans had 23 Senators and the Democrats but 7 Senators from the South; when he retired from office, the Republicans had but 5 Senators and the Democrats had 27 Senators from the Southern States.

"During the first two years of General GRANT's term the Republicans had a majority of 103 in the House of Representatives, while during the last two years that he was President the Democrats had 77 majority in the House.

"As against the 97 Democrats and 90 Republicans from the North during the last two years that General GRANT was President, there are now in Congress from the same States—excepting 4 members yet to be elected from California—125 Republicans, and but 50 Democrats."

Our correspondent is inclined to attribute much of this remarkable result to the third-term movement, as it was called, and he cites some striking facts and coincidences, quoting from the various State platforms of 1874 and 1876, and making this summary:

"The aggregate Republican majority in 1872 in the States of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois was 281,000; but on the third-term issue, in 1874, these same States gave an aggregate Democratic majority of 140,000, showing a political change in these seven States of 420,000 votes in but two years; and in the face of all these facts a number of indiscreet friends of General GRANT are endeavoring to force him upon the people as a candidate in 1880. Their argument that the objections of 1874 will not hold good a year hence, because of an interregnum having taken place, will probably mislead none so fatally as those who are silly enough to entertain such a belief."

The Watertown *Post*, which does not consider the nomination of General GRANT desirable, and which thinks that "the blunders, recklessness, and ruffianism of this Congress are making it easy for the Republicans to elect any man they are likely to nominate," is of opinion that the Republican decline under General GRANT's administration should not be attributed to him, but to Congress. It holds that the "salary grab," which was attached to an appropriation bill, and which was passed on the last day of General GRANT's first term, giving back pay to members of Congress, and doubling the President's salary, and which he could not have vetoed without making necessary an extra session, incurred the hot indignation of the people, and that the great Republican dissatisfaction of that term was due rather to the action of Congress than to any thing done by President GRANT. These are the views of two very different and patriotic observers in different parts of the country. But no single point or fact seems to us to explain the rapid Republican decline of that time which is admitted. A letter from Illinois assures us that General GRANT is the choice of the party because there is a general conviction that the rebel spirit is as active as ever, while a letter from Maine declares that

"Many, many thousands of us have not forgotten that GRANT came into power finding the Republican party great and overwhelmingly strong, and he ran it into the ground, and brought upon us this tremendous peril of rebel domination. Nothing but the desperate urgency of the case could induce me to vote that ticket. It would be something like running a ship ashore to prevent her from sinking, or to allow the crew to escape from her, being on fire."

Another letter calls attention to the applause which always greets the mention of General GRANT's name. But that is like the acclamation which always greeted Mr. GREELEY. It did not extend to voting. General GRANT's services to the country have been such that he and his name will be always received with distinction. But sincere admiration and hearty acknowledgment of his services are very different from the conviction that he is the most available Republican candidate for the Presidency, and for a third term.

That conviction is founded largely upon the fact that his administration is completely identified with such things as the Watertown *Post* mentions, and with what it calls "the blunders, oversights, or corrupt surroundings of the Executive," and with the third-term movement, and with many other things which are familiar. The case is not changed by attributing the Republican decline to the action of Congress. Congress was in hearty accord with the President. The action which the *Post* describes was approved by him. It passed the salary grab. The President signed it. His own Secretary of the Treasury instituted suits for immense frauds, and the prosecution penetrated into the office of his private secretary; and upon a charge of fraud one of his cabinet resigned, and was impeached. Of course no sane man holds General GRANT personally responsible for these things. But this whole unsavory accumulation of every kind and degree did unquestionably exist under his administration, which was in harmony with Congress and the party, and these things, therefore, were called by his name and identified with his administration, and it was the conviction that such things would continue so long as Republican ascendency lasted which produced the immense reaction of 1874, the expressive figures of which are given by our correspondent, and which extended into the election of 1876, despite the feeling that the character of Republican administration would change, and despite the fervent appeal to the war feeling to withstand the Democratic cry of reform. Nothing is gained by the concealment of familiar facts. If it be true that there is no man so popular within the party as General GRANT, it is equally true that no candidate would get so little support out of the party. There is no one who would vote for him who would not vote for any Republican candidate, but there is a host of voters that would support any probable Republican candidate except General GRANT. Among them would be those who believe him, as we have said, to be honest and patriotic, who gratefully and warmly acknowledge his illustrious service to the country, and who would deeply regret that they should be placed in the position of voting against him. But they would do it; and is that a kind of character and support which the Republican party ought to lose? This is the time for saying these things, and for reflecting upon them. WELLINGTON saved Europe and England at Waterloo, and his name will be cherished always by Englishmen as that of an able soldier and an honest man. But his civil administration was opposed by many of the wisest and most patriotic of Englishmen. The most grateful regard for General GRANT and the sincerest acknowledgment of his services are perfectly compatible with the conviction that it would be unwise for Republicans to nominate him for a third term of the Presidency.

LADIES AS BACHELORS OF ARTS.

WE are undoubtedly the greatest and most gallant of nations. If any one doubts it, he will be satisfied upon the Fourth of July now next ensuing. But great and gallant as we are, the English sometimes warp ahead of us in practical fair play for women, and there is quite as much courage in the expression of opinion in England as in this country. Few American lawyers, for instance, of the standing of FITZ-JAMES STEPHEN in England, could have published such a work as his *Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity* without losing consideration, and no American has ever expounded the political gospel of liberty with more trenchant vigor and perfect independence than JOHN STUART MILL. "The Woman Question," as it is called, is very gingerly treated in this country; but in England, conservative and prejudiced as it is supposed to be, the movement for the relief of all the legal and traditional disabilities of sex is steady and successful. It was after Oxford and Cambridge held examinations for women that Harvard University decided to hold them. This year Harvard establishes a system which offers women the advantage of the college course, but outside of the college. It had, however, already been done in England at Girton College, near Cambridge, and last year twenty-six women were admitted as students into the University of London, as they have been admitted for some years at Cornell University in New York.

Earl GRANVILLE, in an excellent speech upon occasion of the first examinations at the University of London, pointed out that however strenuous English opposition may be to any proposed innovation upon traditional usages, the acquiescence and support are equally hearty when it is once regularly adopted. This is, indeed, an illustration of the proverbial British love of fair play. Whether the proverb is founded on fact we shall not stay to discuss, while we gladly record every sign of so good a spirit. The facts mentioned by Lord GRANVILLE are very interesting and encouraging. There were eleven candidates from the women students. One of them was second upon the list of the whole body of competitors, men and women, in the university, six were placed in the division of honors, four were entitled to exhibitions, and there were but two failures. He stated, also, that one of the ladies who had distinguished herself in the examination was supporting one brother at the University of Dublin and another at the University of Cambridge. His lordship, however, begged his hearers of "the sex whom they all considered fair, and had ceased to consider hostile," to remember that this was the first examination, and that there was undoubtedly an accumulation of good candidates. Yet he had no doubt that the stream of qualified students among women would widen as it flowed.

This is a pleasant and peaceful revolution. It is simply taking off quietly chains and gyves and obstructions which have become obsolete. A committee at Harvard has recently reported that women may be admitted to the medical school of the university, under certain restrictions. That is promising. In a year or two another committee will report that they shall be admitted with no other restrictions than those which are laid upon young men. There is no sex in science, and when it is known that young women are sincerely studying anatomy and physiology, it will soon be found that there is no more reason for separating them from men who pursue the same study than there is for a woman who is a practicing physician not to consult with a medical man upon the most delicate cases. It may turn out that it is not practicable or desirable that women should study Sanskrit, or the higher mathematics, or physical or medical science. But the only way of ascertaining it is to provide perfect freedom and equality of opportunity. It certainly can not be decided by holding up hands of horror, and with wide mouth crying, "How dreadful!" nor by reiteration of the exquisite sarcasm of the question, "Is it Mrs. Dr. or Dr. Mrs.?"

NEW YORK BY THE SEA.

IT has often surprised the citizen who lives far from the sea-coast that the city of New York, sitting at the very gates of the ocean, had provided no sea-side resort for its people when the fell heats of summer begin. Boston, its New England neighbor, long since occupied as a summer retreat the delightful promontory of Nahant, from which LONGFELLOW heard far away the fairy "bells of Lynn." Its relation to the city was perfectly described by the wit who was urged to go there: "Nahant? why, 'tis only cold Boston." Boston upon the shelf; Boston as a lunch; a cold bite; but Boston still. Philadelphia has Cape May and Atlantic City, to which even in winter good Philadelphians have been known to go. But New York, almost within hearing of the surf, has had no ample and adequate ocean retreat. There was Long Branch, indeed, but it was across the lower bay, and not immediately at hand. Besides, it was in New Jersey. Indeed, New York seemed to have resigned itself either to no sea nearer than Newport, or a Sunday excursion to the Fishing Banks. Yet often, as he snuffed the salt air upon the Battery, the busy New-Yorker, "in city pent," wished that there were some accessible spot to which a half hour would bring him from town, and where at the end of the day he could be as far away from streets and as far into the air of the ocean as if he were sitting on the Newport rocks, or watching at Nahant for the sea-serpent.

At last, and suddenly, like the elevated railway, the happy day came when a half hour would bring the citizen to the shore and to the finest hotels, with the pleasantest company and the most toothsome table. The busy man, snuffing the salt air on the

Battery, and meditating sending his family to a stuffy farm-house among the hot hills, where, packed into close rooms, they should pass the summer, while he, still busy and alone, remained behind, now saw that he had an opportunity of eating his cake and having it; of making the city his family base for the season, and taking possession of his spacious and delightful marine villa, in company with a thousand others like him, for an occasional week or day, without relaxing his daily attention to business. In fact, the erection of the great houses by the sea at Coney Island and Manhattan and Brighton beaches has made New York a seaside resort for busy New-Yorkers. Their offices remain as usual in town, while their chambers open upon the ocean, and they sleep through the cool summer nights to the music of the breakers. This is an advantage in which every visitor to the city is interested. If the merchant or friend from the interior comes to town upon any business, he can dine and sleep by the sea as conveniently as in his noisy hotel up town. Last summer, which was the first of this new dispensation, there were hundreds of strangers who found in this opportunity a new zest to their visit, and thousands of home-kept New-Yorkers who, sending their families to pass the day upon the shore, joined them at dinner and returned at evening, no longer envying the lucky fellow who loitered at Saratoga or lounged at Newport or the White Mountains.

It is remarkable that this shore should have been surrendered so long to "roughs" and "fast" parties that a quiet New-Yorker would have thought as kindly of going to Greenland as to Coney Island. But how great was the desire for some such family retreat from the city was shown the moment that the opportunity was offered. The city moved seaward. Saratoga heard, and trembled. Newport listened, and shuddered. Lake George wondered if it was really so hot. And the Notch and the Delaware Gap and the Twin Mountain House asked anxiously if salt air was a solace for hay fever. The circle of metropolitan advantages is swiftly enlarging; and what is not possible for a city which in the same year saw the opening of the elevated railroads and of the suburban ocean hotels?

HOMER AND "PINAFORE."

IN her new book, *Theophrastus Such*, George Eliot protests against the spirit of parody and burlesque, which is greatly increasing, and which, as she thinks, degrades noble associations, and paralyzes good influences. FREDERIC HARRISON, in his late essay upon the choice of books, also challenges this tendency, and says that an age which delights in *Pinafore* can not enjoy Homer. The illustration seems to us to be ill chosen, because the parody and fun of *Pinafore* are legitimate, and fall upon solemn and established absurdities with the "lethal" weapons of good humor. The kind of parody which George Eliot has in mind, which distorts and ridicules what is essentially fine, deserves all her eloquent censure. One of its worst forms is that of a comic history, which is infinitely dreary; another is the parody of beautiful poetry; another, of generous sentiments. But, upon reflection, Mr. HARRISON would not deny, certainly, that the system which puts the British navy under the direction of a man selected not because he has any interest in the navy, or knowledge of it, or fitness for administration of any kind, but simply because he is a party leader, or because he can supply votes or influence to a ministry, is a system which deserves the most pitiless pelting of ridicule. The literature of civil service reform in England has had no stroke more trenchant and humorous than the song of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., who for his zeal in polishing up the knocker of the big front door becomes ruler of the Queen's navee. That song has no doubt awakened many a laughing listener to the utter absurdity of some of the most solemn of political practices.

Again, the delightful burlesque of the Italian opera in *Pinafore* is perfectly legitimate. It is thoroughly good-natured, and the Italian opera is not a very terrible dragon. But the enjoyment of the burlesque is that of a sound, healthy taste, and therefore it does not fall under George Eliot's condemnation, and Mr. HARRISON shows a lack of humor in thinking it incompatible with the enjoyment of Homer, that is to say, of simple, natural, hearty poetry. If he had cited the *opéra bouffe*, he would have hit the mark. The taste which enjoys *L'Assommoir*, the unspeakable filth of a certain kind of French novel, or the dirt of the demi-monde opera, is indeed a taste to which Homer and Shakespeare, and all true nobility in human life or the reach of human imagination, would be as unmeaning as the song of the Siren to a sow. But the popular enjoyment and success of *Pinafore* are significant and interesting, for the very fact that they show a healthy and simple taste which was not to be assumed in an age of *opéra bouffe*.

It is not, after all, the burlesque and parody, but the manner and spirit of them, which are significant. THACKERAY'S *Rebecca and Rowena* does not harm *Ivanhoe*, certainly, while his *Prize Novelists* are an effective antidote to the sentimentality and shallowness and essential falsity of the parodied novels. Public taste could not have been more shrewdly admonished or recalled to a manlier and sincerer standard than by those amusing squibs. DISRAELI could never again "take in" the clear-headed boy who had laughed over *Codlingsby*, and all the rest of that kind of literature would have lain under suspicion. The genius of burlesque and parody is a nimble sprite who may sometimes abuse his power, but he is one of the most serviceable and effective moral agents in our busy world. The wisest statesman might take a useful hint from *Pinafore*, and the most bumptious novelist be chastened by *George de Barnwell*.

THE SISTER OF KEATS.

THERE are many Americans to whom KEATS is the chief name among modern English poets. He died nearly sixty years ago, and his sister, Madame FANNY KEATS DE LLANOS, is now living in Madrid, at the age of seventy-six, and by reverses of fortune has been reduced to poverty. Eminent literary men in England, and other admirers of her brother's genius, to the number of about thirty, recently petitioned the government for a civil-list pension. Lord HOUGHTON, the biographer and editor of KEATS, personally applied to the Prime Minister. But Lord BEACONSFIELD declined to grant the pension, while he sent willingly $750 from the Queen's Bounty Fund. Lord HOUGHTON states in a letter to the *Daily News* that there are many precedents for such a grant, and mentions his application to Sir ROBERT PEEL, thirty-five years ago, in favor of the sister and nieces of ROBERT BURNS. Sir ROBERT thanked him, and the old lady and her daughters were made happy for life.

Upon the failure of the application for a pension for Madame LLANOS, the signers agreed that a subscription should be opened for her benefit, and authorized a public statement that their movement had regard "to the very strong public claims of one whose brother's works are already classical, and to the urgency of the case through heavy family misfortunes." The London *News* warmly and eloquently seconds their appeal, as enabling those who recognize the great genius of her brother to atone, in the only way practicable, for the wrongs and sorrows of his life, by saving his sister from the winter cold of age, penury, and neglect. Messrs. RICHARD GARNETT, WILLIAM ROSSETTI, and H. BUXTON FORMAN are the committee named to act as receivers of the fund in England; and any one in this country who may feel disposed, by any sentiment of gratitude or obligation to the poet, to assist in this good work, may send any sum for this purpose to GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, at the office of *Harper's Weekly*.

"THE LOVER'S TALE."

TENNYSON'S new poem, "The Lover's Tale," is printed complete in another part of this paper. It was written in part when he was only nineteen years old, and two parts of the four of which it is composed were then printed. The poet now publishes the whole, including a fourth part, a work of his "mature life." The poem is interesting not only for itself, not only for that rich and flowing Tennysonian music and exquisite play of imagination and vivid touch of description which make his verse fascinating, but as a study of the growth of his power and the development of his art. The chief general impression of the poem doubtless is that the poet's tone has been unchanged from the first. After fifty years, the verse which he now prints is essentially what the verse that he might write now would be. This is seen at once in the want of jar or break between the first parts and the last. "The Golden Supper" could have been written only by TENNYSON. Every one familiar with his verse would concede it. But it is no less true of the opening part and passages. Under whatever circumstances they had appeared, no student of modern English poetry would fail to ascribe them to TENNYSON.

> "Flicker'd like doubtful smiles about her lips,
> Quiver'd a flying glory on her hair."

These are purely Tennysonian lines. Nor less so these:

> "Burst into open prospect—heath and hill,
> And hollow lined and wooded to the lips,
> And steep-down walls of battlemented rock
> Gilded with broom, or shatter'd into spires,
> And glory of broad waters interfused."

If ARTHUR HALLAM were the boy friend who, boy-like, admired the boy's work, he saw truly in such touches a new power in English literature.

There are many who will enjoy this poem who may have seen the famous edition of *Poems Chiefly Lyrical* published in 1830. We remember it in the possession of one of the most famous of American authors—a slight volume, and of a strain so new that it seemed all affectation and folly to the lovers of SCOTT and BYRON. A young man wrote a review of the volume, and offered it to one of the chief American critical periodicals. But the editor rejected it, and could not express strongly enough his dislike of the aromatic, lackadaisical rhymster. Let any reader compare "The Lover's Tale" with "Manfred" or "The Corsair," which were the popular poems of TENNYSON'S youth, and he will understand that HALLAM unconsciously recognized in his friend's verse the dawning of a new era.

The recent prices paid in London for copies of TENNYSON'S earlier volumes show the firmness of his hold upon English favor. Early copies are, indeed, a kind of bric-à-brac, and the fondness for them is largely fanciful. But there is an undeniable charm of association in them which explains and justifies their peculiar value. Those who remember the manuscript copies of "The Lady of Shalott" and "Oriana," which circulated in this country forty years ago, will look with great interest upon the little volume from which they are copied; and even the two volumes of 1842, which introduced TENNYSON to his great fame, and which were exactly reproduced in the first Boston edition in this country, sold at a "fancy price" at the recent London sale. This latest publication of TENNYSON is very characteristic, and there is in English literature no more powerful and passionate love tale in verse than this.

PERSONAL.

POSTMASTER JAMES, after having decorated the grave of his predecessor, General DIX, on Decoration-day, proceeded, accompanied by the Post-office officials, to the grave of WILLIAM BRADFORD, the first printer in New York, and there did honor to the memory of the pioneer of "the art preservative of arts," who on the 16th of October, 1725, began the first newspaper in this city, called the *New York Gazette*. For fifty years he was printer to the government of New York, and for thirty years the only one in the province. His grave-stone in Trinity Church yard was restored, with the original inscription, by the vestry of Trinity Church, in May, 1863, and is as follows:

Here lies the Body of Mr. WILLIAM BRADFORD, Printer, who departed this Life May 23, 1752, aged 92 Years: He was born in Leicestershire, in Old England, in 1660; and came over to America in 1682, before the City of Philadelphia was laid out: He was Printer to this Government for upwards of 50 Years; and being quite worn out with Old age and labour, he left this mortal State in the lively Hopes of a blessed Immortality.

> Reader, reflect how soon you'll quit this stage;
> You'll find but few attain to such an age;
> Life's full of Pain: Lo! here's a Place to Rest.
> Prepare to meet your GOD! then you are blest.

Here also lies the Body of ELIZABETH, wife to the said WILLIAM BRADFORD, who departed this Life July 8, 1731, aged 68 Years.

—Mr. LABOUCHERE, in his piquant paper, *Truth*, tells this amusing "personal:" "I had occasion to call in a professional accountant to inspect the books of a concern in which I was interested. He looked a very benign individual, and on my explaining to him that I wanted a balance-sheet, he said, in a suave voice: 'Quite so; and do you wish me to take a sanguine view, or the reverse?' I said, 'I don't quite understand. I want to know exactly how I stand.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'I didn't know if you wished me to show a profit or loss; I can, of course, do either. I thought you might want it for publication.' He evidently fancied I was going to dispose of the concern to the public. The Cyprus balance-sheet is for the public."

—The London *Times*, in reviewing a recent novel by Mr. JAMES PAYN, says of the author: "In reading novel after novel by Mr. PAYN, we are more and more impressed by the notion that the author must be a singularly fortunate man. How far he has to rack his brain for his plots is a matter into which we do not care to inquire, though his plots are invariably strong enough to carry the burden of the story. But what we would envy in him, were we addicted to novel-writing, is the quality of an indefinable freshness which no fertility of production seems to stale. Mr. PAYN, although he is continually writing, never seems to drudge out any of his books *contre-cœur*. Habit must have developed the gift of seizing the happy ideas he lies in wait for—ideas which, although they may be stored for his future occasions, are sure to be recast and developed in course of time, while his characters are very evidently studies from the life. All that must go far as a help to invention, and to the natural versatility which is among the most profitable of faculties. But Mr. PAYN, moreover, is an admirable *raconteur*, and has an excellent memory for the amusing stories which he introduces by way of appropriate illustration, while he brightens his pages and points his conversations with the flashes of humor which seem to come all the more freely in his latest novels."

—The new Roman Catholic Bishop of Marquette, the Rev. Dr. VERTIN, is the youngest prelate of that Church in the United States, being only thirty-five years of age, and thirteen years a priest.

—The Rev. Mr. SPURGEON, according to the London *News*, has been gifted by nature with a voice distinctly audible at the edge of a crowd of 10,000 persons in the open air, and his perfect mastery of his own language is never spoiled by the unseasonable intrusion of foreign idioms. But above and beyond this, he has the indefinable power of so saying what he wishes to say as to make it both immediately intelligible and permanently impressive to all who hear him.

—George Eliot's new work, *Theophrastus Such*, just published in this country by HARPER & BROTHERS, awakens great attention in America and England. London *Truth* says it creates all the more interest "as it will almost certainly be the last from the pen of George Eliot."

—The numerous friends of Mr. JOHN G. SAXE will be glad to know that his health is rapidly improving, and his complete recovery quite probable. His trouble has been mainly with his nerves.

—Mr. H. H. WARNER, of Rochester, a young and successful business man, is building a handsome observatory for Professor SWIFT, to be called the Warner Observatory.

—M. GAMBETTA is criticised sharply by the extreme radicals of his party, who call him the ALCIBIADES of Paris. He dwells in an elegant house, keeps the finest horses and the best of cooks. The Republican leader has always had the habit of making himself comfortable, and was renowned in his student days for keeping a better table than any of his comrades.

—The Rev. SAMUEL SMITH HARRIS, just elected bishop of the diocese of Michigan, is a native of Alabama, and thirty-eight years old. He graduated at the University of Alabama at the early age of seventeen years and nine months. In 1860 he was admitted to the bar, and in 1865 removed to this city, where he practiced very successfully until 1869, when he entered the Episcopal ministry. After officiating in Columbus, Georgia, and in New Orleans, he was, in 1875, called to the rectorship of St. James's Church, Chicago, the mother of the Episcopal churches in Illinois, and the wealthiest parish in the Northwest. Dr. HARRIS is not only a man of fine pulpit ability, but possesses that executive ability which is indispensable in the successful management of a large and flourishing diocese like Michigan.

—A correspondent, describing the personal appearance of the gentlemen composing the present Board of Visitors at the Military Academy at West Point, says President NOAH PORTER, of Yale, would be the most difficult member for a stranger to classify: like a genuine New Englander, he has a versatile look, as though he could do any thing he turned his hand or mind to. DORMAN B. EATON, and General ANDERSON of Georgia, are good-looking men, the former representing the classical, intellectual type, and the latter the handsome cavalier. General ANDERSON, with his youthful broadcloth dress, and black hair and mustache, at the distance of three yards looks more like a young first lieutenant than a middle-aged veteran. General ABBOTT, though of the regular army, chooses to appear in civilian's dress, and does it gracefully. EUGENE HALE is so unobtrusive and quiet in his manners that it is difficult to realize that he is here. General GORDON, of Georgia, attracts much attention. He is tall and dignified, and evinces force of character. JAMES H. BLOUNT, of Georgia, is genial and practical; his manner wins every body. Senator WINDOM has a striking head and figure.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Senate passed the caucus Jury Bill on the 6th inst. Senator Edmunds analyzed it so sharply that the Democrats tried to recommit it for amendment. The Republicans did not at first vote on recommittal, but there being no quorum, they then voted and prevented the action, and afterward compelled the Democrats to pass the bill by a party vote.—On the 7th, the House passed a joint resolution approving the action of the President in sending rations and tents to the yellow fever sufferers. The House also passed the bill to make additional appropriations for the postal service. There was opposition to the increase of the pay of letter-carriers, but the increase was voted.—On the 9th, the House passed the Legislative Appropriation Bill, under a suspension of the rules, by a vote of 188 to 22, all the negative votes being Democratic. The bill is a substitute for the one reported the week before, and has no political riders. Mr. Ryan (Republican), of Kansas, moved to suspend the rules and pass the Clymer Army Bill which had been ratified by the Democratic joint caucus. The Democrats were surprised by the motion, and immediately voted to adjourn.—On the 10th, the Senate refused, by a vote of 21 to 22, to order the Warner Silver Bill to be reported. All the Republicans voted nay. The House passed the Judicial Appropriation Bill by a party vote, retaining the clause nullifying the election law; and also adopted a resolution to adjourn on the 17th inst. Both Houses unanimously passed a bill to erect a monument to mark the site of the house in which Washington was born.—On the 11th, the House, by a vote of 172 to 31, passed the Army Bill, including the following restrictive clause: "That no money appropriated by this act is appropriated or shall be paid for the subsistence, equipment, transportation, or compensation of any portion of the army of the United States to be used as a police force to keep the peace at the polls at any election held within any State."

The Minnesota Greenbackers held a State Convention at St. Paul on the 10th inst., and nominated for Governor Asa Barton, and for Lieutenant-Governor William M'Ghen.—The Iowa Republicans met at Des Moines on the 11th, and renominated for Governor John H. Gear, and for Lieutenant-Governor, F. J. Campbell.

FOREIGN NEWS.

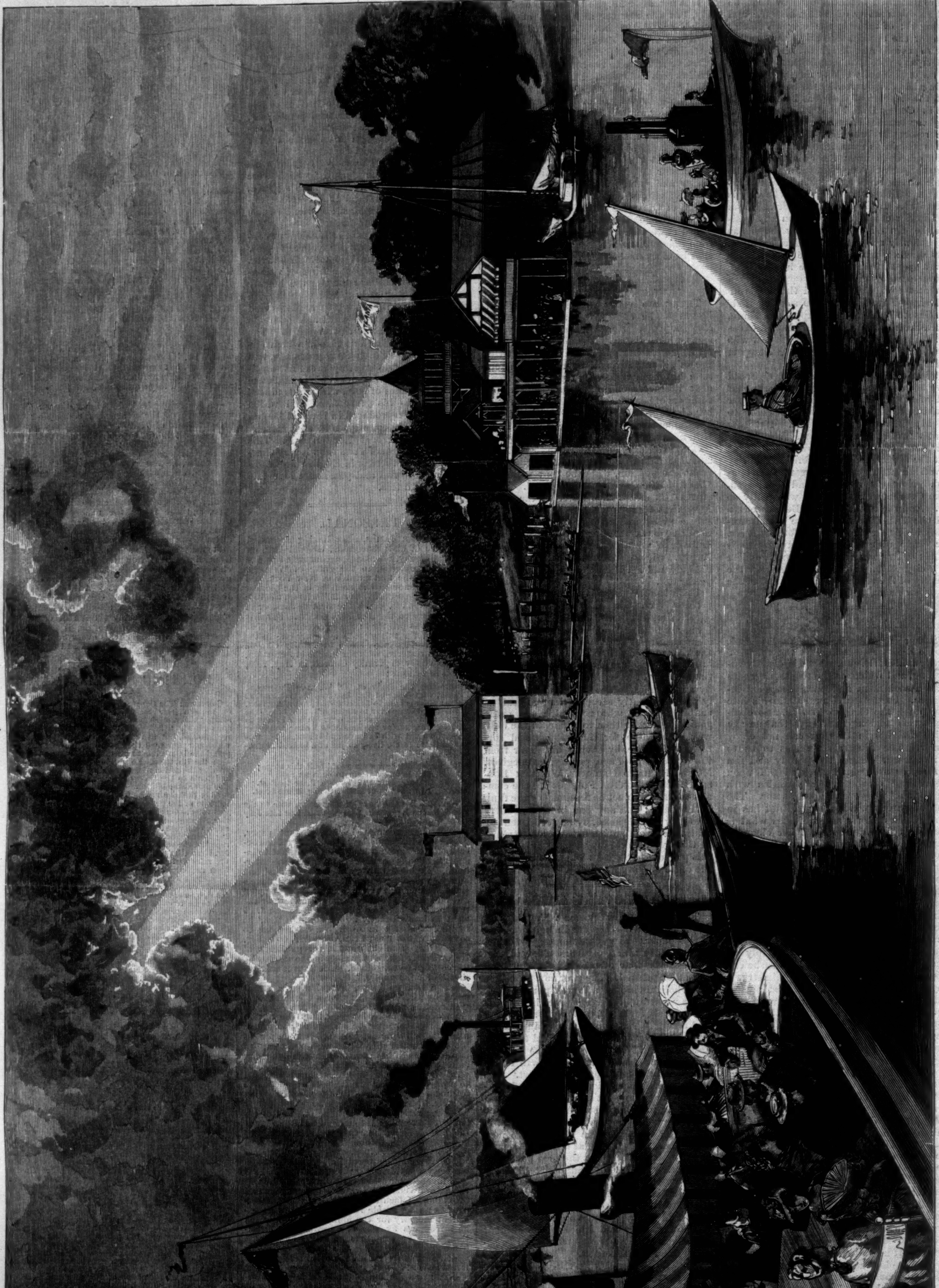
THE Zulu king, Cetywayo, on the 16th ult., dispatched an envoy to Colonel Crealock, asking him to send a European to discuss terms of peace. John Dunn accordingly went to Cetywayo's kraal, but has already returned, the negotiations having failed, because the British refuse any terms but unconditional surrender. Cetywayo's good faith is doubted.

Alexander Solovieff, who attempted to kill the Czar of Russia on the 14th of April last, was hanged on the Smolenski Field on the 10th inst.

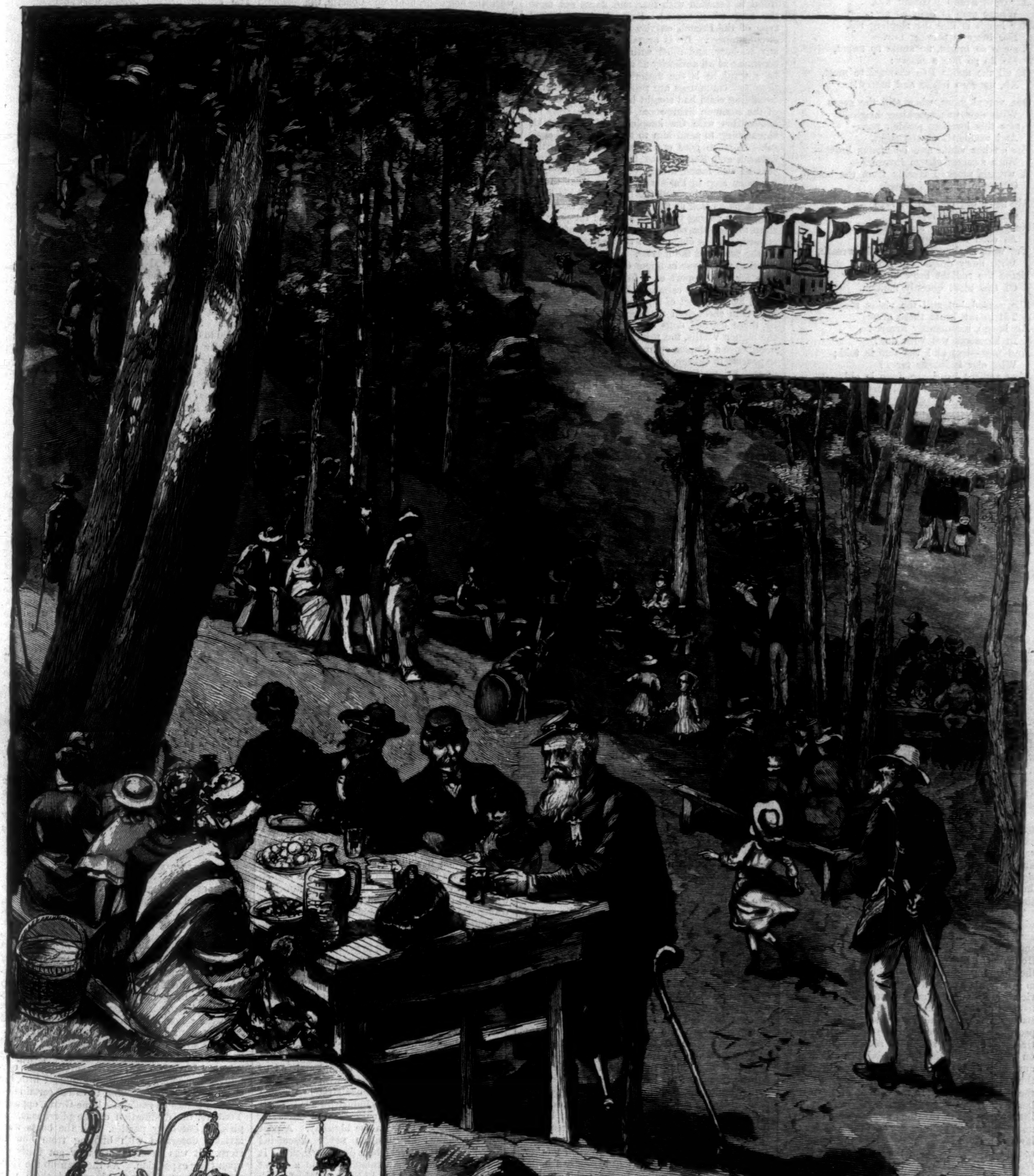
France and England have agreed to abstain from interference in the Egyptian administration, and will not require the appointment of European ministers or Comptrollers-general, but they will hold the Khedive responsible for the consequences of his acts.

Bolivia has authorized privateers sailing under her flag to seize Chilian merchandise even in neutral ships, and not contraband of war.—The German representative at Lima has been instructed by telegraph to apply for the release of the German steamer *Luxor*, detained at Callao by the Peruvians on the allegation that she was conveying contraband of war.

Russia has presented to Bulgaria a portion of her flotilla on the Danube, consisting of two steamers, six small gun-boats, and six torpedo-boats. These vessels will temporarily retain Russian crews to instruct Bulgarians in their management. There may be a question whether it is allowable under the Treaty of Berlin for the Bulgarians to maintain a war flotilla.



SATURDAY AFTERNOON ON THE HARLEM RIVER.—Drawn by C. A. Keetels.—[See Page 507.]



EXCURSION OF THE VETERANS' ASSOCIATION TO ALPINE GROVE.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 506.]

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

A LASSIE lives on yonder hill,
Whose step is light as air;
Her laugh is like the rippling rill,
Her brow is passing fair.
No eye so bright, no smile so sweet,
No lip so like a cherry:
Of all the maids I've chanced to meet,
Ah, none so blithe and merry!

One vernal morn, when still the grass
With dew was sparkling bright,
I saw this loveliest maiden pass,
And wondered at the sight.
For on her white and beauteous brow—
With sweeter charm invested—
A wreath, plucked freshly from the bough,
Of apple blossoms rested.

Ah, ne'er did coronal so rare
On royal head repose;
No gem of Ind so matchless fair
As each half-opened rose.
Yet well, methought, this lovely wreath,
With dewy drops still laden,
Befits the radiant brow beneath
Of this most queenly maiden.

She passed, but still the vision staid,
Till in my heart there grew
An image, beauteously arrayed
In blossoms wet with dew.
And now—but ah! the tale is told;
Why o'er it longer tarry?
That radiant brow, ere June is old,
An *orange* wreath shall carry.

PARIS JOTTINGS.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

A new Novel by Hector Malot.—Reminiscences of an old Mansion.—The Last Home of Corneille.

PARIS, *May* 31, 1879.

M. HECTOR MALOT has written a new work, entitled *Sans Famille*. This powerful author, whose popularity is so well deserved, will be widely read in France, where *Sans Famille* has been eagerly anticipated, volume after volume. The story differs from the marvellous delineations of the Church in the provinces, grouped together in *Les Batailles de Mariage* by those connecting links of separate study, "A Good Young Man," "A Papal Title," and "Married by the Priests." Nor does it resemble those subtle delineations of the modern Parisian, like the Vicomte de Saint Austreberthe in a *Marriage of the Second Empire*. In *Sans Famille* M. Malot has returned to the purer sources of childhood. With what delicacy, pathos, and grace he treats the subject! The interest of the reader is enlisted at the outset by the dedication to Mlle. Lucie Malot, in which the author seeks to behold his work through the eyes of his daughter. His aim is to arouse the interest, touch the sympathy, and elicit the criticisms of a child. The charm of this intention is shed over the pages of the book. The reader, as well, in following the vicissitudes of the little hero, marvels how each adventure may have impressed Mlle. Lucie Malot, placed in a niche as critic by her father.

How clear is the pastoral picture of the opening chapter! In the cottage of the good Mère Barberin, her foster-child, the delicate Rémi, watches her make the pancakes and fritters for Mardi-Gras. The employment is full of absorbing interest to the little man, and serves as a fitting occasion for a retrospective glance at his history.

The husband of Mère Barberin is a stone-mason, whose trade has kept him at Paris. In an evil hour he passed beneath a scaffolding, which fell and crippled him. A stranger, covered with mud from the highway, brought these sad tidings in the gloaming, and Mère Barberin wrung her hands in grief, then hastened to the village curé for advice. Monsieur the curé wrote to the superintendent of the hospital. The reply was prompt. Barberin required all money saved, for a legal process which he would make against the contractor. Scaffolds should be secure, and not fall on pedestrians, claimed the plaintiff. Pedestrians should not pass beneath scaffolds, protested the builder, and carried the day. This had been the battle at Paris. In the cottage of Mère Barberin the combat had been severely felt. The little silver rill of earnings swept away, the cow must be sold, and the money sent to Paris for the lawsuit. Here M. Malot describes the mild and sagacious beast, friend of the poor, the cow which feeds the whole family. Surely a more touching tribute was never bestowed on a cow than that lavished on La Roussette. After her disappearance potatoes and salt had become the sole food of little Rémi. To-day Mère Barberin prepares a surprise. She has indulged in the extravagance of purchasing a cup of milk of a neighbor, and flour for the Mardi-Gras fritters. All day little Rémi has gazed wistfully at the earthen dish placed amidst the warm cinders, where the delicious pancakes are rising. Now the critical moment has arrived when the butter frizzles in the pan. These cheerful preparations inspire apprehensions in the reader. Will the fritters ever be browned for the delectation of hungry little Rémi? Alas! no. The blow of a stick falls on the door, succeeded by the entrance of a large man in a linen blouse.

"Ah, it is a day of fête here!" exclaims the new-comer, in a rough tone.

It is Barberin, crippled, soured, and furious at his defeat in the lawsuit, returned home. Gruffly he orders the fritters set aside, as unfit for a hungry man, and soup substituted. There is no soup, the good Mère Barberin explains. The eye of Barberin roves about the place. The lard pot on the shelf is empty, and the cow is gone. He knocks down a string of onions placed above the chimney with his stick, orders the pot of hot water placed on the fire, thrusts in the onions, and adds the little store of butter hoarded so carefully for the Mardi-Gras fête. The little Rémi is petrified with fear, and dares not taste the soup when served. Barberin is a perfect type of the French ouvrier rendered vicious by circumstances. He is brutal, savage, capable of any trickery, and filled with a smouldering resentment at all authority as a personal grievance. In a word, he is the material of which revolutions and communes are productive. When the trembling child had sought his bed in the corner of the common living-room, Barberin harshly reproves his wife for keeping this foster-child, threatening to send him to the foundling hospital. He then goes out to seek a friend at the cabaret, and Rémi learns from his kind nurse that he was found, a baby of six months old, on a garden step in Paris as Barberin went to his work one morning, and the fineness of his linen and laces, as well as the spectacle of a man running away among the trees, tempted the poor artisan to keep the *enfant trouvé* in hope of future reward. All is changed in the peaceful cottage by the return of the master. Next day he drags Rémi to the mayor in hopes of obtaining a small sum for the support of a foundling. *En route* he pauses at the cabaret, where Rémi is fascinated by the aspect of a grand old man, bearded, attired in sheep-skin and leggings, accompanied by three learned dogs and a monkey. This is the Signor Vitalis, the principal character of the book, once a famous opera-singer, and descended to poverty in old age, and the company of dancing dogs. Briefly, the brutal Barberin rents the beautiful boy to this Italian, deceives his wife, and drives Rémi from his door during her absence. One of the finest pictures in the book is that of the child pausing on the hill-top to gaze back on the humble cottage, where the smoke rises in a spiral of blue mist, and beholds the white cap of Mère Barberin as she seeks him on her return.

The opening pages of Rémi's adventures are full of interest. Surely the eyes of Mlle. Lucie, the critic, must have sparkled at the droll description of the dogs, led by the sagacious poodle Capi, as well as the antics of M. Joli Cœur, the monkey, who, in the costume of an English general, accepts the boy Rémi into his service at the recommendation of his former domestic, the poodle Capi. Signor Vitalis, philosopher, presides over this company, teaching the dogs tricks, and the boy to read, and music, by means of bits of wood. This is the most pleasing portion of the book. The sunshine sparkles over the pages. The monkey grimaces, and mimics the gendarme, who arrests his master at Toulouse. Left alone, the boy and the animals pause beside a canal, on which floats a boat fitted up as a mansion for a sick child, strapped to a board, while his mother devotes her hours to his recovery. This phase partakes of a veritable fairy tale. Rémi and the dogs are invited on board to amuse the invalid, and drift away down one French river after another. Of course Madame Milligan, the gentle English lady, is Rémi's mother, and the sick child, Arthur, his own brother; but it requires one volume and a half more to render clear the villainy of the next heir, Mr. Milligan, the uncle, who smiles very much, revealing sharp-pointed teeth, and causes Barberin to play into his own hands later to the extent of furnishing Rémi with false parents in London in the shape of a groom and burglar by profession. French books often open with the most effective situations, and become interminably "spun out" before the *dénouement* to the English reader. Emerging from prison, the Signor Vitalis refuses to give up the boy to Madame Milligan, which affords the author full scope for those delineations of hunger, cold, and misery so characteristic of French literature; for a snow-storm, in which the two dogs are carried away by wolves, and Joli Cœur dies of exposure; for the culminating scene of a return to Paris, with introductions of the Italian padrone and the children musicians of the streets, when Vitalis dies of cold during the winter night leaning against the gardener's gate, who rescues Rémi in the dawn. If Mlle. Lucie is satisfied with the weaving together of the threads in conclusion, the foreign reader may be amused instead. M. Malot has quitted his proper field in describing the English manorial hall. All the friends of the heir Rémi are gathered together on his estates, Mère Barberin and the dog Capi, while the gardener's deaf-and-dumb daughter Lise, miraculously restored to speech by the intervention of Madame Milligan and a great physician, is the happy wife of Rémi. Surely this complaisance on the part of an English mother, proud of her family, is sufficient to arouse a smile; but Madame Milligan goes further: she consents to the marriage of her second son, Arthur, with a pretty Italian girl from Lucca, sister of the violinist Mattei, apparently in order to complete the organ-grinder circle of the baronial hall.

The pictures of character and scenery in *Sans Famille* remain full of light and charm. At the same time M. Malot does not depart from the vein peculiarly French in describing Paris in the dark hues of winter, sleet, and poverty, rather than brilliant and gay as the superb capital.

AN ANCIENT MANSION.

The Hôtel Fieubet still stands on the right bank of the Seine, robbed of its many embellishments of earlier years, the richly sculptured balustrades and caryatides, but still recalling to the admirer of old Paris that the structure was built by Hardouin Mansart for Gaspard de Fieubet, Seigneur of Cendrey and Ligny, counsellor of Parliament, and chancellor of the Queen Marie-Thérèse. The master of the house remains not less a personage of his time, sympathetic, droll, the friend of youth and pleasure, and an agreeable rhymster—a charming qualification in a courtier. Fieubet is frequently mentioned in the letters of Madame De Sévigné, as well as in the *Memoirs of Gourville*. He won deserved popularity by exercising a truly Parisian gift: he succeeded in making all the world laugh at his neighbor. One day he drove in a state coach with this neighbor, his friend Courtin, the former ambassador to St. Germain, where the court was held. Highwaymen attacked these noble gentlemen, and with all possible politeness despoiled them of valuables. Resistance was useless, and the victims submitted. When the carriage rolled on again, however, Courtin revealed a purse of gold with a radiant smile of triumph. He had cleverly concealed it in one of his stockings during the search of the robbers. Fieubet immediately thrust his head out of the window, and recalled the highwaymen, while the friend stared at him, stupefied, holding the purse in his hand.

"Gentlemen, I perceived from your manners that you were honest people who gallantly accepted the word of honor of those you encounter," said Fieubet. "Monsieur has deceived you, and I do not wish to be considered his accomplice. Search him again, and you will be rewarded for your trouble."

This is the picture. Fieubet with sarcastic politeness recalling the bewildered thieves, while the furious Courtin sits with eyes and mouth open holding the purse of gold conveniently in his hand. The court laughed much at this adventure, and above all at the helpless wrath of Courtin, who long retained a sentiment of rancor toward his waggish friend.

FROM THE ARC DE L'ÉTOILE.

The aspiring tourist who toils to the summit of the Arc de l'Étoile in these May days will observe on the left hand, far beyond the branching avenues, the domes and masses of shrubbery, the somewhat bleak structure of the new Opera-House, with the adjacent gilded angels glittering in the sun. How little he realizes the significance those narrow streets and crooked passages, all destroyed to build the Avenue de l'Opera, possess to the true Parisian, even in remembrance! The avenue is a necessity which the tourist recognizes, opening a new channel across the busy town from the Rue de Rivoli to the boulevards; and the fresh mortar, the peep-shows, even the electric light, of that quarter, are not displeasing to his eye. Modern Paris recalls the streets of this quarter, and the dark unsightly passage St. Guillaume. Once the capital ended between the Café de la Régence and the Théâtre Français. Once the wall of Charles V. reached here, and Jeanne d'Arc was wounded on this very spot. Once the windmills turned on the Butte St. Roch, while in the Pork Market below the false money was plunged into boiling oil as a test. In later times Regnard wrote of a remote retreat at the termination of the Rue de Richelieu, where he could watch the sorrel grow and enjoy seclusion:

"Au bout de cette rue où le grand cardinal
Laissa pour monument une triste fontaine."

Where are the rues Traversière, du Rempart, or de Jeannisson? The Avenue de l'Opéra has engulfed all these, and more. Here is the Rue l'Échelle, replete with sad memories, and the Rue Sainte-Anne, thus christened for Anne of Austria, where dwelt Bossuet and Helvetius, as well as that famous beauty Madame Du Barry, during the Revolution. A marble slab on the front of No. 18 Rue d'Argenteuil announced to the world the house in which Corneille breathed his last. The Rue d'Argenteuil once had the rural aspect of a road leading to a village of that name. M. Victorien Sardou has purchased the porte cochère of Corneille's house, which dates from the period of Henri IV., together with the antique knocker which the great man raised so many times, and transported them to his residence at Marly-le-Roi. The modern dramatist has also preserved the baluster of the staircase, and the Department of La Seine Inférieure is striving to gather together other relics of the illustrious poet, at a time when the municipal council of Rouen has suffered his home on the Rue de la Pie to be wholly demolished.

M. Édouard Drumont gives an interesting description of the last home of Corneille, demolished by the Avenue de l'Opéra, which possesses the value of a souvenir in the modern Athens of Baron Haussmann.

"The street is old, without antiquity, paved with rough stones painful to ascend and sad to descend. The sun never laughs with a gay heart here. The windows have lines stretched across for wet linen to dry. The industries are vulgar: workers in ebony, frame-makers, cabinet-makers, all encroaching a little on the highway. A poet would exclaim: 'Inspiration never descended there!' It is the street where dwelt Corneille. It is the old road of Argenteuil become a street without personality. No. 18 bears a slab of black marble, announcing that the great Corneille died here. Yesterday was the two-hundred-and-sixty-eighth anniversary of the event. Let us enter and salute the master. Let us take the balustrade on the left. Here we are at the second story. The door of the apartment faces the stairway. A second door on the left once opened into the study of the poet. Here is the bed-chamber, with the immense alcove, where Corneille died; there is the cabinet de travail where he acquired immortality. It was this cabinet de travail, lighted from the court, which M. Gérôme has shown us in one of his most remarkable pictures. The picture is contained entire in the four lines with which Victor Hugo terminates the preface to the opera of *Esmeralda*. 'In 1671 was represented with all the pomp of lyric scenery a tragedy ballet entitled *Psyché*. The libretto of this opera had two authors: one was called Poquelin de Molière, and the other Pierre Corneille.'

"Molière was then in the full splendor of his genius. Director of the theatre, the manager of court *fêtes*, he gained large sums of money. The author of *Attila*, on the contrary, was nearly forgotten; he was a man of the *vieux jeu*. Doubtless after the reception of one of those voluminous petitions which he addressed to Louis XIV., the king said to Molière: 'If you would see M. Corneille? if you could do something with him?' The author of the *Misanthrope* obeyed. He knocked at the door in the Rue d'Argenteuil, murmuring: 'This good man is behind the age.' I see them here *tête-à-tête*. The younger fixed his penetrating eye on the old man. The elder, wounded by the fall of *Attila* and *Agésilas*, is naïvely enchanted to be placed in a grand work. In this salle one still hears the old Corneille chanting the madrigals of *Psyché*. For a moment all is illuminated in this cold apartment, ugly, with brick floor, where Israelitish dentists have succeeded the author of *Polyeucte*. This transient impression vanishes speedily when you glance around. No change has been made in these chambers, yet nothing recalls genius. From the icy floor to the icy ceiling all repulses the imagination. The whole house has the same aspect. It is one of those houses which Alphonse Daudet excels in painting. Once the bust of Corneille was placed in the room where he expired. The apartment became tenanted by la Marquise de la Fourchaudière. This lady of high birth and spirit was reduced by the Revolution to this modest abode. She said at the commencement: 'I shall possess the most magnificent of luxuries: I shall live in the mansion of Corneille; I will reread his works beside his bust. He will belong to me.' She was deceived. It was she who belonged to Corneille. She could not penetrate with impunity between these four walls, where had dwelt for forty years this all-powerful genius, who could invoke at will terrors and passion. It happened that these eloquent shadows, the Cid and Cinna, the men of state and emperors, Héraclius and Don Sanche, Rodogune the implacable, and Chimène the touching, terrible queens and amorous heroes, came to speak. This formidable dialogue reached the marquise even in her sleep at night. The marquise, frightened by her tragic dreams, perceived that the bust of a dead man was a living personage. She said to the landlord, 'He or I must leave.' As always, genius was chased away.

"The bust now occupies a place in the court. Behold! it is decked with flowers for the fête. Two vases filled with roses, and two porcelain cups containing peonies. Fifteen sous' worth of flowers about that majestic face, which appears pensive and proud, with its resemblance to a Castilian cavalier. A lady, Madame Bazoni, made for this portrait, fifteen years ago, a laurel crown, and generations of concierges have guarded the image of Corneille. 'I have dusted it for thirty years,' explained to me the present concierge. Once in three months the bust was lifted from its niche in the court, and the concierge made its toilette. The lodgers descended to witness the ceremony; the children, without knowing the significance attached to this superb name, paused to watch the duster traverse the inspired brow from which sprang, fully armed, Cinna, les Horaces, the Cid, and Rodogune."

Such is the souvenir of M. Édouard Drumont. This bust, devoid of artistic value, has been purchased by M. Langlois.

The tourist who scales the height of the Arc de l'Étoile on the spring day, and observes the Opera-House in the distance, with the golden angels marking the opening of the new avenue, may well ponder on these curious reminiscences of the past.

ARTEMIS.

THE VETERANS' EXCURSION.

THE excursion given to the veterans of the late war and their families by Mr. JOHN H. STARIN, on the 7th inst., was a great success. The weather was perfect, and over 5000 persons participated in the pleasures of the day. After all the barges had gathered their quota of veterans at the New York and Brooklyn piers, they united off the Battery, and after making a circuit of Governor's Island, the flotilla of fifteen craft steamed up the North River in the following order: Steamboat *Blackbird*, with battery manned by students from the school-ship *Minnesota*, under command of Lieutenant LITTLE; second, steamboat *D. R. Martin*, with commandant, staff, and invited guests; third, three steam-tugs and steamboat *Niagara*, having in tow, fourth, seven barges, containing the veterans and their families; fifth, the steamboat *Erastus Corning*, to call at certain designated places *en route* to Alpine Grove, opposite Yonkers, the destination of the pilgrimage, and pick up desultory parties. All the boats were lavishly decorated with bunting from bow to stern. It was noon before they got fairly off upon their expedition. As they ran up the Hudson, steamers that passed saluted them with whistles, whose shrill music occasionally almost drowned the Governor's Island Band on board the *D. R. Martin*. The veterans of humbler rank in the barges also had their musicians. The members of the Union Home and School Band, all orphans of soldiers or sailors, blew away lustily, and beat their drums with a youthful vigor that knew of no abatement until the barges returned in the evening, and the band of Koltis Post lent their more matured powers to swell the harmony. At one o'clock dinner was served on the staff-boat. General GRAHAM proposed the health of the giver of the excursion. It was drunk standing, and three lusty cheers were given for Mr. STARIN. The next toast, "The ladies," was responded to by General COCHRANE, after which the company adjourned to the upper deck, where they amused themselves with dancing. After a delightful sail past the Palisades, Alpine Grove was reached. Here the party disembarked. The following associations were represented: Kimball Post, No. 100; Sumner Post, No. 24; Ellsworth Post, No. 67; Phil Kearny Post, No. 8; Koltis Post, No. 32; Riker Post, No. 62; Thaford Post, No. 3; Rankin Post, No. 10; Mallory Post, No. 84; Harry Lee Post, No. 21; Barbara Fritchie Post, No. 11; Mansfield Post, No. 35; Metternich Post, No. 122; J. H. Perry Post, No.

89; Frank Head Post, No. 16; Reno Post, No. 44; James C. Rice Post, No. 29; Hawkins and Duryea Zouaves Veteran Association; Soldiers' and Sailors' Veteran Union; Protective Corps; and Williamsburg Veteran Association. Among these were many whose empty sleeves, halting gait, or scarred faces told of hard service rendered during the war.

For an hour and a half the excursionists enjoyed themselves in the beautiful grove. Dancing and speech-making were indulged in, and the band boys, despite the coldness of the water, stripped and swam out into the Hudson. At five o'clock the excursionists re-embarked, and the flotilla returned to the city, reaching the dock at about eight o'clock. The affair was managed by General Charles K. Graham, Grand Marshal; Major John M. Cooney, Adjutant-General; Colonel Joseph Forbes, Assistant Adjutant-General; and General George Von Schaick, Officer of the Day. The Commandant of the Fleet was W. H. M. Kelly.

ON THE HARLEM.

On page 504 we give a picture of the animated scene that may be witnessed every pleasant afternoon, during our long boating season, on the Harlem River just above the bridge. This part of the river forms the practice course of various rowing clubs of New York, and affords also opportunity for every one to row or sail who can command a shell or a sail-boat. On the right of the picture are the Atalanta and Columbia boat-houses, in close neighborhood, and in the distance on the left we catch a glimpse of M'Comb's Dam Bridge. Boats of all descriptions crowd the river whenever the weather is pleasant, and a more lively and attractive scene can hardly be imagined.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Germany celebrated, on June 11, the golden wedding of Kaiser William, who in 1829 married the Princess Augusta, daughter of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. The bridegroom was at that time thirty-two years old, and the bride about eighteen. The half-century of the married life of this royal pair has witnessed many changes, and many strange and stirring events. Although four attempts have been made upon the life of the Emperor, he is greatly beloved and honored by his subjects. On the recent golden wedding day the city of Berlin was beautifully decorated in honor of the royal pair, and the people entered into the festivities with an earnest enthusiasm which showed that their hearts were fully interested. In the long procession of princes who marched from the palace to the castle chapel, where the thanksgiving ceremony was celebrated, there were representatives from many royal houses of Europe, all ready to honor the aged monarch. The Emperor and Empress were enthusiastically cheered by dense crowds as they passed at the head of the magnificent procession of princes, and a salute of one hundred and one guns was fired at the conclusion of the ceremony at the chapel. On their return to the palace the Emperor appeared three times on the balcony, in response to the continuous cheering of the crowd. Not only in Berlin, but on the Rhine and in many other parts of Germany, the most loyal demonstrations were shown by people toward the Emperor and the Empress on this memorable occasion.

Some singular stories have been told in years past in regard to the magical effects produced at sea by pouring oil upon the troubled waters during violent storms. Captain Jarman, of the four-masted ship *Romsdal*, had heard these stories, and resolved to test the truth of them. So he provided two canvas bottle-shaped sacks, each filled with about three gallons of common whale oil. On his last voyage he encountered a violent storm in the middle of the Atlantic. The gale was terrific; the waves broke over the stern, threatening to sink the vessel. Then the captain thought of his oil, and puncturing the canvas bags, he caused one to be towed over each quarter. The effect was marvellous. The waves, although remaining at the same height, no longer broke over the stern, and wherever the oil had spread over the surface of the water there was apparently a calm. Captain Jarman considers that such a simple and inexpensive method of reducing the danger in storms at sea is worthy of being adopted. It is said that whaling vessels, which are saturated with oil, often lie quietly during storms, while other vessels near them are violently tossed about.

There continues to be discussion concerning plans of organization and classification for the World's Fair to be held on Manhattan Island in 1883, as well as discussion of the question of a site. The committee of the United States Board of Trade recently agreed that the private property at the upper end of the Central Park, between One-Hundred-and-Tenth and One-Hundred-and-Twenty-fifth streets, and Fifth and Eighth avenues, was the best site on the island. It was suggested that eighty acres at Two-Hundredth Street could be purchased probably for $300,000, and it is believed that the property lying between One-Hundred-and-Thirty-fifth Street, Eighth Avenue, and Harlem River can be leased.

At the recent examination of applicants for admission to the College of the City of New York, nine hundred students submitted to the ordeal, of whom only twelve were rejected; the others are to be admitted on the usual eight weeks' probation. These examinations, as well as those for advancement, cause fear and trembling among many of the students, and are trying for all, especially when examination week proves a hot one.

Williams & Guion's new steam-ship *Arizona* is the largest passenger steamer afloat except the *City of Berlin*. She is 465 feet in length, 6000 tons burden, and the engines have a horse-power of 7000. She has accommodations for 160 first-cabin and 100 second-cabin passengers, and is fitted up with every comfort and luxury. The recent trip of the *Arizona* from Queenstown was made in seven days, eleven hours, and twenty-two minutes.

Although the late extensive fires in the Orenburg district, Russia, have been ascribed to incendiarism, the greatest fires which have occurred in that country for many years past were due to accidental causes. In 1868 a workman dropped the ashes of his pipe into a heap of shavings—a careless act which caused the destruction of the three great hemp wharves at the Tutchkoff Bridge, St. Petersburg, and $2,000,000 worth of stores, as well as several lives. In 1869 a similar negligence resulted in the destruction of the entire town of Bouzoulouk, on the high-road from the Volga to Orenburg, and left its 15,000 inhabitants homeless at one blow. In 1870 the forests along the railway track between Moscow and Nijnii-Novgorod, ignited by the sparks of a passing locomotive, blazed for several days over a space more than fifty miles in extent.

With the tribute which John G. Whittier gives to the memory of Garrison, the poet says, "Something on my part seems due to the intimate friendship of more than fifty years, unbroken and undisturbed by any differences of opinion and action during the long antislavery struggle." The poem itself is characteristic of the writer, and justly appreciative of his dead friend. We quote two or three verses, although the whole is needed for completeness of thought:

* * * * * *

"Not for thyself, but for the slave,
Thy words of thunder shook the world;
No selfish griefs or hatred gave
The strength wherewith thy bolts were hurled.

"From lips that Sinai's trumpet blew
We heard a tender under-song;
The very wrath from pity grew,
From love of men thy hate of wrong.

* * * * * *

"Wherever wrong shall right deny,
Or suffering spirits urge their plea,
Be thine a voice to smite the lie,
A hand to set the captive free!"

The London *Telegraph* laments over the fact that the dwellers on the banks of the river Ribble have been allowed to kill, by emptying sewage into the stream, upward of two tons of salmon, smelt, and other fish within a short time. The *Telegraph* remarks that "for the sake of the whole community, it is to be hoped that a repetition of what has occurred in the Ribble will not be permitted, and that the loss which the public has already experienced in the destruction of so much valuable food will be the last instance of the kind to be chronicled."

Mount Etna, after having given vigorous manifestations of internal vitality, has subsided into comparative quietude. The flow of lava has ceased.

A well-known physician of St. Petersburg, named Dr. Weimar, has been arrested on the charge of supplying Solovieff with the revolver used by him in his attempt on the life of the Czar. At his examination Weimar said that the revolver was handed to him for transmission to Solovieff by a person whose name he is not in a position to mention.

The Duke of Argyll, whose brief stay in this city on his way to Canada awakened general interest, was a firm friend of William Lloyd Garrison. He was much shocked on arriving here to hear of Garrison's death, as he had supposed him in his usual health. The two had cordially sympathized in antislavery views, and the duke entertained a high opinion of the sincerity and honesty of Garrison's opinions and efforts in the cause of liberty.

A plague of locusts prevails in the Caucasus. They are devouring whole districts, and the price of food has greatly increased.

Travels in the Dominion is the name of a book announced to be soon published in London. The Marquis of Lorne is the author, and it will be illustrated by the Princess Louise.

Forty carrier-pigeons were let loose in Cresson, Pennsylvania, one morning lately, at eight o'clock, and were to fly nearly 250 miles to their homes in this city and vicinity. It was supposed they would make the distance in about seven hours. The owner of some of the birds, however, discovered his pigeons in their coops in Brooklyn about one o'clock, although exactly when they arrived is not known. Those that made the quickest time were to receive prizes, and all were to be sent to the New York Aquarium, where they were recently exhibited. By evening twenty-seven of the pigeons had arrived.

The third annual opening day of the Ladies' Club for Out-door Sports on Staten Island brought together about five hundred persons, who witnessed with keen pleasure the skill displayed in archery, tennis, and croquet.

The Spring Meeting of the Jerome Park Races closed on an intensely hot day, but with a large attendance, and six "splendid contests." The great race of the day and of the meeting was the Lorillard Stakes for three-year-old colts, and was won with ease by Spendthrift against ten other fine animals.

It is reported as a singular incident that during a recent thunder-storm in Aberdeen, Missouri, seven cows, two young horses, and eleven sheep feeding in a pasture were struck by lightning and killed, while a mule in the same field was uninjured.

Proprietors of watering-place hotels, country boarding-houses, and mountain resorts begin to feel happy only when the mercury persists in running up to about 90°.

The Emperor of Austria has lately been presented with a remarkable suit of clothes, the wool from which the garments were made having been upon the sheep eleven hours before the suit was completed.

Sick children in the London homes and hospitals will be the recipients of a new charity. A "Sea-shell Mission" has been established, to be supported by boys and girls who visit the sea-shore during the summer, and who have been asked to collect shells and send them to the city for the amusement of the little sufferers.

The oldest and the coldest town in the world is said to be Yakutsk, in Eastern Siberia. It has 5000 inhabitants, and the ground is frozen to a depth of hundreds of feet, except in midsummer, when it thaws out a little at the surface. The records say that the temperature from November to February remains between 42° and 68° below zero; but in August, for a few days, the thermometer rises as high as 85°.

Some very dangerous sports are practiced by the boys of New York and Brooklyn—and doubtless also of other places—which should be forbidden by law. Stones and shot are thrown forcibly from some sort of a rubber propeller, at the imminent risk of people's eyes, and, it may be, their lives, not to mention the frequent breaking of windows by the projectiles. Then there is a game of tossing a peculiar-shaped block of wood into the air, and striking it violently with a bat. This is often done almost in the faces of pedestrians, and has in many cases caused a severe wound. Can not dangerous sports be forbidden in the streets of populous cities?

The collection of lace belonging to the Princess Beatrice can hardly be equalled. It contains a part of that Alençon which was found in a lumber-room some years ago at St. James's Palace, and which is reputed to be worth about £20,000. It dates from the time of Henry VIII.

A movement is now being made to establish an observatory near the summit of Mount Etna, at an elevation of about 9600 feet. It will be fully furnished with good apparatus, and will be occupied only during the summer. Professor Tacchini, of Palermo, who is the principal promoter of the enterprise, is specially desirous that the institution should be international in its character.

A little settlement in Newark, Vermont, has recently emerged from its obscurity in consequence of the sudden death by poison or epidemic of several children, and the speculations and investigations which have followed this fearful calamity. Most pathetic is the statement made by one stricken father. He begins with the simple fact: "I had five children three weeks ago—Fred, twelve years old; James, eight years old; Jennie, five years old; Willie, three years old; and Mary, the baby, eight months; they were all carried off." And then he goes into details, ending in tragedies, while the poor stricken mother sits by, the very picture of despair. It was at first supposed that the children were poisoned by drinking the water of a brook into which impure drainage flowed. But later reports showed that three out of the eleven children who died did not drink the polluted water, and the fatal disease is thought to be diphtheria. However that may be, the sanitary conditions of the locality are very bad. The school-house is in an unwholesome locality, and the interior damp and musty. Moreover, some weeks ago two children, who had been sick with diphtheria, and had not fully recovered, went to the school—they not having been very sick—in the same clothing they wore during their illness, without any disinfection. The fatal epidemic soon broke out, which may have been diphtheria, made more than usually virulent by the polluted water and the stagnant pools in the vicinity.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

If you were to accuse Miss Analine de Flukey of overweening self-conceit, you would not abash her in the least; she would retort that one has a perfect right to admire the masterpieces of nature. The day after the announcement of her engagement to Fred Dory, an old friend offered his congratulations. "Not me," she said, and she twitched her nose haughtily; "congratulate Fred."

"There's a great difference between housekeeping and boarding out," said Mr. Younghusband; "for when I boarded out I had to wait sometimes half an hour for my dinner, but now I have it just when I can get it."

At a recent performance in the New Haven opera-house, as a number of students left their seats between the acts, a good lady was heard to observe: "Ain't it too bad those fellows have to go home and go to studying?"

A pretty girl won a musket at a French lottery. When they gave it to her, she asked: "Don't they give a soldier with it?"

An elderly gentleman finds himself at a masked ball set upon by three lively dominoes, who finally ask of him in chorus, "Oh, is it true you are sixty years old?" "Whoever told you so, ladies, told you a no-such-thing," cries the old gentleman, gallantly. "I'm twenty years old for each of you—that's what I am."

A man in Michigan swapped his horse for a wife. An old bachelor acquaintance said he'd bet there was something wrong with the horse, or its owner would never have fooled it away in that reckless manner.

A party of Irishmen went to a clothing store to buy a suit of clothing in which to bury a dead comrade. All varieties of garments were examined and discussed by the mourning friends, but none could be decided upon until one of the party held up a light thin suit, saying, "Begorra, let's take this, b'ys; it's thin an' cool, and poor Pat will find it mighty comfortable."

A Boston man is about to make a trip around the world in an eighteen-foot boat, taking his wife with him on the journey. He has steadily declined tempting offers to take the wives of several other Bostonians.

"You are right," says a lady correspondent, "we do not go to matinées and Academy exhibitions to flirt." And then she adds: "But if we do, it is because our husbands never will find the time to accompany us, on account of business and their own pleasures."

A certain resident of North Adams recently buried his wife, a woman of unusual size, and a few days after the sad event a neighbor attempted a little in the consolation line by remarking, "Well, Mr. ——, you have met with a heavy loss." "Yes," replied the mourner, with a sigh, "she weighed 'most four hundred pounds!"

A Dutch judge, on conviction of a culprit for having four wives, decided: "He hash bunishment blenty; I lifs mit one!"

A brute beast of a man says when you want to get the best of an argument with a woman of thirty, you should lead off with, "Now, then, a woman of your age," etc.

"Yes, Agnes, I'm going to have a cream-colored summer silk, provided pa doesn't veto the appropriation ma has passed."

An Irishman who had on a very ragged coat was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad! I don't know," says he; "I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

"Did your husband die intestate?" asked a lawyer of a woman in a probate suit. "No," she said, bridling up; "he died in his own house in this village."

In an Indiana church the best-looking young ladies are selected to pass the contribution boxes, and there isn't a young man in the congregation that dare drop in a button.

The success of a church-choir singer is, after all, a matter of chants.

A story is told of a soldier who, about one hundred and fifty years ago, was frozen in Siberia. The last expression he made was, "It is ex—" He then froze as stiff as marble. In the summer of 1860 some French physicians found him, after having lain frozen for one hundred and thirty years. They gradually thawed him, and upon animation being restored he concluded his sentence with "—ceedingly cold."

NERO'S LIVING TORCHES.

In connection with our striking double-page illustration, engraved from the painting of H. Siemiradzki, a sketch of the career of the odious emperor, one of whose cruel practices the picture commemorates, will aid the impression which the artist desired to make. Tradition tells us that when the news of the birth of Nero was carried to Domitius, the father of the future emperor cried out to his friends that nothing but what was detestable and pernicious to the public could ever be produced of him and Agrippina. This was the welcome given by his parent to the child born at Antium, on the coast of Latium, December 15, A.D. 37. "Another manifest prognostic of his future infelicity," writes Suetonius, "occurred upon his lustration-day. For Caius Cæsar, being requested to give the child what name he thought proper, looking at his uncle Claudius, who afterward, when emperor, adopted Nero, he gave his, and this not seriously, but only in jest, Agrippina treating it with contempt, because Claudius at that time was a mere laughing-stock at the palace."

Nero lost his father when he was three years old, and was left heir to a third part of his estate. Of this he did not at first obtain possession, the whole being seized by his co-heir Caius. His mother having been soon after banished, he lived with his aunt Lepida, in a very miserable condition, under the care of two tutors—a dancing-master and a barber. After Claudius became emperor he not only recovered his father's estate, but was enriched with the additional inheritance of his step-father, Crispus Passienus. Upon his mother's recall from banishment, he was advanced to such favor with the emperor that it was reported that assassins were employed by Messalina, Claudius's wife, to strangle him, as Britannicus's rival, while he was taking his mid-day repose. The assassins, it was said, were frightened by a serpent which crept from under his cushion, and ran away. This tale may have grown from the finding on his couch, near the pillow, the skin of a snake, which, by his mother's orders, he wore for some time upon his right arm, incased in a bracelet of gold. He is said to have laid the amulet aside in aversion to her memory, after the bitter estrangement that took place between them, and subsequently to have sought for it vainly in a time of great extremity.

After the death of Claudius, the Prætorian Guards, at the instigation of Afranius Burrhus, their prefect, declared him emperor instead of Britannicus, Claudius's son, and their choice was acknowledged both by the Senate and the provinces. His reign began with a semblance of moderation and good-will, under the guidance of Burrhus, and the philosopher Seneca, Nero's tutor. The baneful influence of his mother, however, together with his own moral weakness and sensuality, frustrated their efforts, and he soon plunged headlong into debauchery, extravagance, and tyranny. "Petulance, lewdness, luxury, avarice, and cruelty," says a Latin author, "he practiced, first with reserve and in private, as if prompted to them only by the folly of youth; but even then the world was of the opinion that they were the faults of his nature, and not of his age." After it was dark he used to enter the taverns disguised in a wig or a cap, or ramble about the streets intent upon mischief. He used to beat those whom he met coming home from supper; and if they made any resistance, would wound them and throw them into the common sewer. He broke open and robbed shops, establishing an auction at home for disposing of his booty. In the scuffles which took place on these occasions he often ran the risk of losing his limbs, or even his life, being beaten almost to death by a senator for being impertinent to his wife. After this adventure he never again went out at night without a number of tribunes following him at a distance. In the daytime he would be carried to the theatre incognito in a litter, placing himself upon the upper part of the proscenium, where he not only witnessed the quarrels which arose on account of the performances, but also encouraged them. When they came to blows, and stones and pieces of broken benches began to fly about, he threw them plentifully among the people, regardless of consequences, and once even broke a prætor's head.

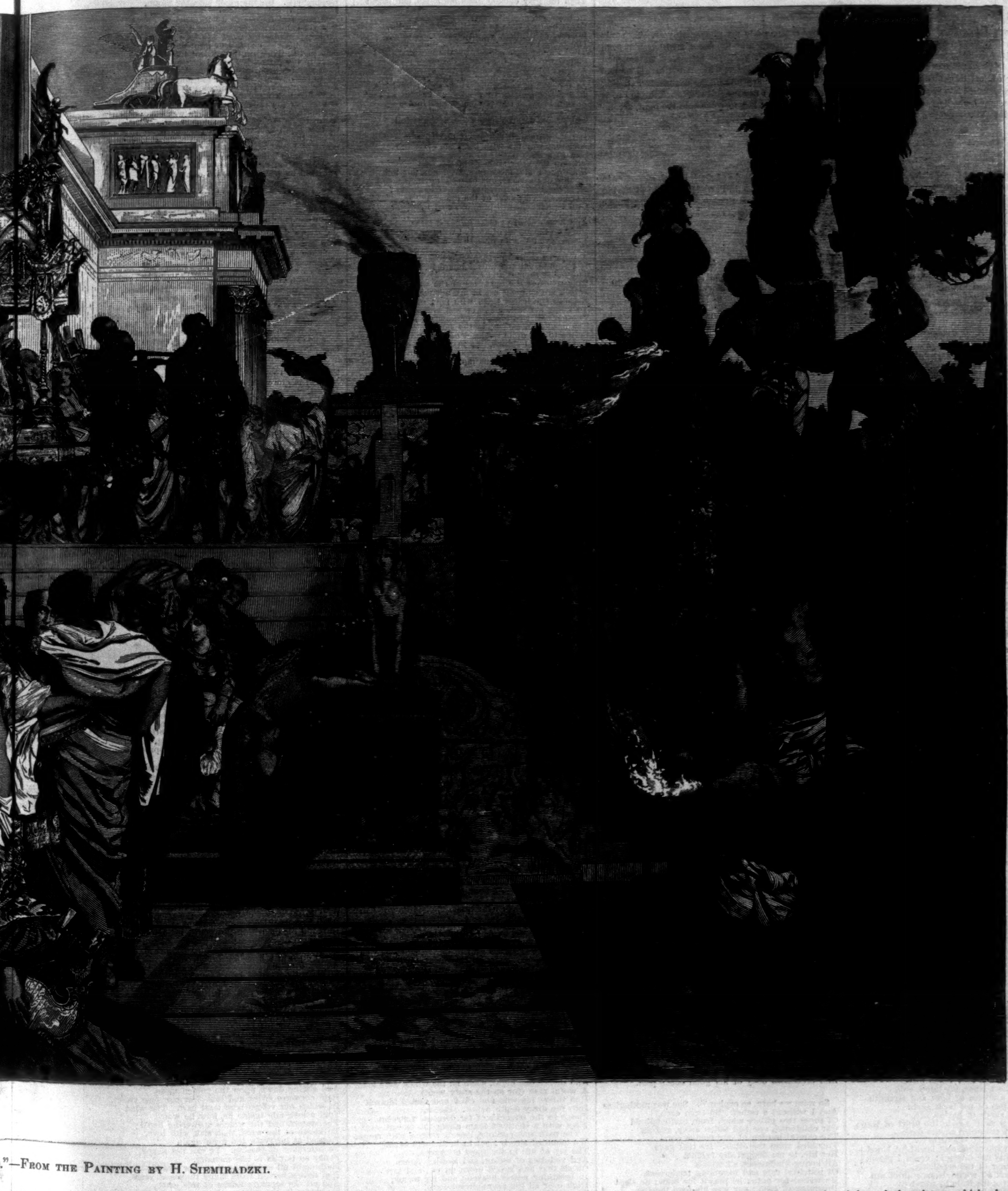
Nero showed himself of the opinion that there was no other use for riches and money than to squander them profusely, regarding all as sordid wretches who kept their expenses within due bounds, and extolling those as truly noble and generous who lavished and wasted all that they possessed. In nothing was he more prodigal than in his buildings. He completed his palace by continuing it from the Palatine to the Esquiline hill, calling the building at first only "The Passage," but after it was burned down and rebuilt, "The Golden House." This is the elaborate structure seen in our engraving. Of its dimensions and furniture it is scarcely possible to give an adequate description. The porch was so high that it was able to contain a colossal statue of Nero 120 feet high. The space included in it was so ample that it had triple porticoes a mile in length, and a lake like a sea, surrounded with buildings, which had the appearance of a city. Within its area were corn fields, vineyards, pastures, and woods, containing a vast number of animals of various kinds, both wild and tame. In other parts it was entirely overlaid with gold, and adorned with jewels and mother-of-pearl. The supper-rooms were vaulted, and portions of the ceilings, inlaid with ivory, were made to revolve and scatter flowers. They also contained pipes which scattered ointment upon the guests. The chief banqueting-room was circular, and revolved perpetually night and day in imitation of the motion of celestial bodies. The baths were supplied with water from the sea and the Albula. Upon the dedication of this magnificent building, all that Nero said of it was that "he had now

"THE LIVING TORCHES OF NERO."—FRO

a dwelling fit for a man." NERO's crimes, of which so much has been said in history, were many of them of too foul a character to mention; but two of the most awful deeds which blacken his name are the inhuman murder of his mother, and the burning of the city of Rome. He began the practice of parricide and murder with CLAUDIUS himself; for although NERO was not the contriver of his step-father's death, he was privy to the plot. His mother, AGRIPPINA, being used to make strict inquiry into what he said and did, and to reprimand him with the freedom of a parent, he was so much offended that he endeavored to expose her to public resentment by frequently pretending a resolution to quit the government and retire to Rhodes. Soon afterward he took from her all honor and power, deprived her of the guard of Roman and German soldiers, banished her from the palace and from his society, and persecuted her in every way he could contrive, employing persons to harass her when at Rome with lawsuits, and to disturb her in her retirement from town with the most abusive and scurrilous language, following her about by land and sea. Finally, becoming terrified by her menaces and violent spirit, he resolved upon her destruction, and at length accomplished her death.

In describing the burning of the Roman city, SUETONIUS tells us of NERO that "he spared, moreover, neither the people of Rome nor the capital of his country. Somebody in conversation saying, 'When I am dead, let fire devour the world,' 'Nay,' he said, 'let it be while I am living.' And he acted accordingly; for pretending to be disgusted with the old buildings and the narrow and winding streets, he set the city on fire so openly that many of consular rank caught their own household servants on their property with tow and torches in their hands, but durst not meddle with them." During six days and seven nights the terrible conflagration continued, the people being obliged to fly to the tombs and monuments for shelter. A vast number of stately buildings, the houses of generals celebrated in earlier times, and decorated with the spoils of war, were laid in ashes, as well as the temples of the gods which had been dedicated by the kings of Rome. Thousands of the people were burned to death or crushed beneath the ruins of falling houses, while the streets were filled with piles of goods and furniture, burned and broken. NERO was entertained by the scene as if it were a great dramatic spectacle. He went to one of the theatres, and taking his place upon the stage, he amused himself there with singing and playing a celebrated composition on the subject of the burning of Troy. Some writers have questioned this exhibition of heartlessness on the part of NERO, and have advanced the opinion that it is even doubtful that he ordered the firing of the city, having been absent at Antium at the time. There can be no doubt, however, that he was credited with both acts by many throughout the city, and the minds of the people were excited against the inhuman monster to the highest pitch of indignation. In fact, NERO himself seems to have been convinced that at last he had gone too far, for he began to make earnest efforts to relieve the people from some portion of their distress. He caused a great number of tents to be erected in the parade-ground for temporary shelter, and brought fresh supplies o[f] city to relieve the people from sta[r] measures, however, came too late past actions or to save him from of his outraged subjects.

NERO, his magnificent and sump[tuous] his wild revels and unnatural cr[imes] quently been treated by poets a[nd] upon no feature of his unutter[able] career has more talent been spent awful persecutions which he con[ducted] Christians. TACITUS, in describin[g] ating torments which he inflicted u[pon] us that they were subjected to the people; dressed in the skins of w[ild] exposed to be torn to pieces by d[ogs] lic games; that they were crucified to be burned, and at nightfall ser



."—From the Painting by H. Siemiradzki.

supplies of corn into the
le from starvation. These
ne too late to redeem his
him from the execration
s.
t and sumptuous displays,
natural crimes, have fre-
by poets and artists, but
is unutterably loathsome
been spent than upon the
ich he contrived for the
n describing the excruci-
e inflicted upon them, tells
cted to the derision of the
skins of wild beasts and
pieces by dogs in the pub-
ere crucified or condemned
ght-fall served in place of

lamps to lighten the darkness, Nero's own gardens being used for the spectacle. It is such a scene as the last that furnished the subject for the remarkable work of art of which the above engraving gives a faithful representation. The artist, Siemiradzki, a graduate of the Academy at St. Petersburg, has already achieved fame in many of the cities of Europe. This picture is one of his most ambitious, and was produced at an age when most painters still look upon themselves as tyros in art. On its first exhibition in the art centres of Germany, where small leniency is shown to foreign productions, it attracted no little attention, and was spoken of with considerable enthusiasm, one critic expressing himself as follows: "Among the rumors that announced the arrival of the picture was one to the effect that it resembled in manner those of Makart; but this happily is not so. We say happily, for that which would necessarily be pardoned to the genius of a Makart must be condemned without leniency in an imitator. Indeed, the picture certainly presents much more brilliant coloring than we are accustomed to see in great historical paintings, which, according to a rule admitting of few exceptions, and one which seems to have a certain logical foundation, reject the attractions of color in order not to let the spirit of the scene be overshadowed. At the same time, this painting furnishes a noteworthy example that artistic charm is entirely compatible with the highest *motif*. It is through and through solid, and executed with an attention to minutiæ that is surprising in such a large work. Among the hundred and more figures which people the colossal canvas, there is scarcely one which has not been especially studied and painted from a model. The most thorough acquaintance with nature shows itself in a convincing manner throughout the details, wherein the artist evinces an archæological knowledge that can not, perhaps, be matched in the artistic world save by the highly gifted Alma Tadema. The living torches are Christian martyrs, surrounded with tow, and bound to high stakes, who, for the pleasure of Nero and the spectacle-loving people gathered by his command and through curiosity in front of his Golden House, are presently to be set on fire. The whole picture is designed to be deeply symbolical. The martyred Christians appear in all their torments, the conquering element is exhibited in its momentary slavery, and the glittering populace haughty in their magnificence, though dedicated to destruction and ruin. It is to be regretted that the portion of the picture which shows the Christian martyrs and their executioners is the least excellent in artistic treatment. Yet one can easily understand that the most enduring strength must find itself enfeebled when attacking so formidable a subject at the end. For us, we do not doubt that the artist painted this portion of his work last, after he had exhausted his best capabilities in dealing with the gathered crowd and the elaborate buildings. The *technique* of Siemiradzki is not so impressively severe as that of Matejko, and neither so delicate nor of such a liquid quality as that of Makart. Taken all in all, the world is justified in expecting from Siemiradzki, now in the flush of his young artist strength, and but recently emancipated from his student years at the Petersburg Academy, remarkable achievements in the future."

THE LOVER'S TALE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

The original Preface to "The Lover's Tale" states that it was composed in my nineteenth year. Two only of the three parts then written were printed, when, feeling the imperfection of the poem, I withdrew it from the press. One of my friends, however, who, boy-like, admired the boy's work, distributed among our common associates of that hour some copies of these two parts, without my knowledge, without the omissions and amendments which I had in contemplation, and marred by the many misprints of the compositor. Seeing that these two parts have of late been mercilessly pirated, and that what I had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die, may I not be pardoned if I suffer the whole poem at last to come into the light, accompanied with a reprint of the sequel—a work of my mature life—"The Golden Supper"?

May, 1879.

ARGUMENT.

Julian, whose cousin and foster-sister, Camilla, has been wedded to his friend and rival, Lionel, endeavors to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel. He speaks (in Parts II. and III.) of having been haunted by visions and the sound of bells, tolling for a funeral, and at last ringing for a marriage; but he breaks away, overcome, as he approaches the Event, and a witness to it completes the tale.

I.

Here far away, seen from the topmost cliff,
Filling with purple gloom the vacancies
Between the tufted hills, the sloping seas
Hung in mid-heaven, and half-way down rare sails,
White as white clouds, floated from sky to sky.
Oh! pleasant breast of waters, quiet bay,
Like to a quiet mind in the loud world,
Where the chafed breakers of the outer sea
Sank powerless, as anger falls aside
And withers on the breast of peaceful love;
Thou didst receive the growth of pines that fledged
The hills that watched thee, as Love watcheth Love,
In thine own essence, and delight thyself
To make it wholly thine on sunny days.
Keep thou thy name of "Lover's Bay." See, sirs,
Even now the Goddess of the Past, that takes
The heart, and sometimes touches but one string
That quivers, and is silent, and sometimes
Sweeps suddenly all its half-moulder'd chords
To some old melody, begins to play
That air which pleased her first. I feel thy breath;
I come, great Mistress of the ear and eye:
Thy breath is of the pinewood; and tho' years
Have hollow'd out a deep and stormy strait
Betwixt the native land of Love and me,
Breathe but a little on me, and the sail
Will draw me to the rising of the sun,
The lucid chambers of the morning star,
And East of Life.

Permit me, friend, I prithee,
To pass my hand across my brows, and muse
On those dear hills, that never more will meet
The sight that throbs and aches beneath my touch,
As tho' there beat a heart in either eye;
For when the outer lights are darken'd thus,
The memory's vision hath a keener edge.
It grows upon me now—the semicircle
Of dark blue waters and the narrow fringe
Of curving beach—its wreaths of dripping green—
Its pale pink shells—the summer-house aloft
That open'd on the pines with doors of glass,
A mountain nest—the pleasure-boat that rock'd,
Light green with its own shadow, keel to keel,
Upon the dappled dimplings of the wave,
That blanch'd upon its side.

O Love, O Hope!
They come, they crowd upon me all at once—
Moved from the cloud of unforgotten things,
That sometimes on the horizon of the mind
Lies folded, often sweeps athwart in storm—
Flash upon flash they lighten thro' me—days
Of dewy dawning and the amber eves
When thou and I, Camilla, thou and I
Were borne about the bay or safely moor'd
Beneath a low-brow'd cavern, where the tide
Plash'd, sapping its worn ribs; and all without
The slowly ridging rollers on the cliffs
Clash'd, calling to each other, and thro' the arch
Down those loud waters, like a setting star,
Mixt with the gorgeous west the light-house shone,
And silver-smiling Venus ere she fell
Would often loiter in her balmy blue,
To crown it with herself.

Here, too, my love
Waver'd at anchor with me, when day hung
From his mid-dome in Heaven's airy halls;
Gleams of the water-circles as they broke,
Flicker'd like doubtful smiles about her lips,
Quiver'd a flying glory on her hair,
Leapt like a passing thought across her eyes;
And mine with one that will not pass, till earth
And heaven pass too, dwelt on my heaven, a face
Most starry-fair, but kindled from within
As 'twere with dawn. She was dark-haired, dark-eyed:
Oh, such dark eyes! a single glance of them
Will govern a whole life from birth to death,
Careless of all things else, led on with light
In trances and in visions: look at them,
You lose yourself in utter ignorance;
You can not find their depth; for they go back,
And farther back, and still withdraw themselves
Quite into the deep soul, that evermore
Fresh springing from her fountains in the brain,
Still pouring thro', floods with redundant life
Her narrow portals.

Trust me, long ago
I should have died, if it were possible
To die in gazing on that perfectness
Which I do bear within me: I had died,
But from my farthest lapse, my latest ebb,
Thine image, like a charm of light and strength
Upon the waters, push'd me back again
On these deserted sands of barren life.
Tho' from the deep vault where the heart of Hope
Fell into dust, and crumbled in the dark—
Forgetting how to render beautiful
Her countenance with quick and healthful blood—
Thou didst not sway me upward; could I perish
While thou, a meteor of the sepulchre,
Didst swathe thyself all round Hope's quiet urn
Forever? He, that saith it, hath o'erstept
The slippery footing of his narrow wit,
And fall'n away from judgment. Thou art light,
To which my spirit leaneth all her flowers,
And length of days, and immortality
Of thought, and freshness ever self-renew'd.
For Time and Grief abode too long with Life,
And, like all other friends i' the world, at last
They grew aweary of her fellowship:
So Time and Grief did beckon unto Death,
And Death drew nigh and beat the doors of Life;
But thou didst sit alone in the inner house,
A wakeful portress, and didst parle with Death,—
"This is a charmed dwelling which I hold;"
So Death gave back, and would no further come.
Yet is my life nor in the present time,
Nor in the present place. To me alone,
Push'd from his chair of regal heritage,
The Present is the vassal of the Past:
So that, in that I *have* lived, do I live,
And can not die, and am, in having been—
A portion of the pleasant yesterday,
Thrust forward on to-day and out of place;
A body journeying onward, sick with toil,
The weight as if of age upon my limbs,
The grasp of hopeless grief about my heart,
And all the senses weaken'd, save in that,
Which long ago they had glean'd and garner'd up
Into the granaries of memory—
The clear brow, bulwark of the precious brain,
Chink'd as you see, and seam'd—and all the while
The light soul twines and mingles with the growths
Of vigorous early days, attracted, won,
Married, made one with, molten into all
The beautiful in Past of act or place,
And like the all-enduring camel, driven
Far from the diamond fountain by the palms,
Who toils across the middle moon-lit nights,
Or when the white heats of the blinding noons
Beat from the concave sand; yet in him keeps
A draught of that sweet fountain that he loves,
To stay his feet from falling, and his spirit
From bitterness of death.

Ye ask me, friends,
When I began to love. How should I tell you?
Or from the after-fullness of my heart,
Flow back again unto my slender spring
And first of love, tho' every turn and depth
Between is clearer in my life than all
Its present flow. Ye know not what ye ask.
How should the broad and open flower tell
What sort of bud it was, when, prest together
In its green sheath, close-lapt in silken folds,
It seem'd to keep its sweetness to itself,
Yet was not the less sweet for that it seem'd?
For young Life knows not when young Life was born,
But takes it all for granted: neither Love,
Warm in the heart, his cradle, can remember
Love in the womb, but resteth satisfied,
Looking on her that brought him to the light:
Or as men know not when they fall asleep
Into delicious dreams, our other life,
So know I not when I began to love.
This is my sum of knowledge—that my love
Grew with myself—say rather, was my growth,
My inward sap, the hold I have on earth,
My outward circling air wherewith I breathe,
Which yet upholds my life, and evermore
Is to me daily life and daily death:
For how should I have lived and not have loved?
Can ye take off the sweetness from the flower,
The color and the sweetness from the rose,
And place them by themselves; or set apart
Their motions and their brightness from the stars,
And then point out the flower or the star?
Or build a wall betwixt my life and love,
And tell me where I am? 'Tis even thus:
In that I live I love; because I love
I live: whate'er is fountain to the one
Is fountain to the other; and whene'er
Our God unknits the riddle of the one,
There is no shade or fold of mystery
Swathing the other.

Many, many years
(For they seem many and my most of life,
And well I could have linger'd in that porch,
So unproportion'd to the dwelling-place),
In the May dews of childhood, opposite
The flush and dawn of youth, we lived together,
Apart, alone together on those hills.

Before he saw my day my father died,
And he was happy that he saw it not;
But I and the first daisy on his grave
From the same clay came into light at once.
As Love and I do number equal years,
So she, my love, is of an age with me.
How like each other was the birth of each!
On the same morning, almost the same hour,
Under the selfsame aspect of the stars
(Oh falsehood of all starcraft!), we were born.
How like each other was the birth of each!
The sister of my mother—she that bore
Camilla close beneath her beating heart,
Which to the imprison'd spirit of the child,
With its true-touched pulses in the flow
And hourly visitation of the blood,
Sent notes of preparation manifold,
And mellow'd echoes of the outer world—
My mother's sister, mother of my love,
Who had a twofold claim upon my heart,
One twofold mightier than the other was,
In giving so much beauty to the world,
And so much wealth as God had charged her with—
Loathing to put it from herself forever,
Left her own life with it; and dying thus,
Crown'd with her highest act the placid face
And breathless body of her good deeds past.

So were we born, so orphan'd. She was motherless
And I without a father. So from each
Of those two pillars which from earth uphold
Our childhood, one had fallen away, and all
The careful burden of our tender years
Trembled upon the other. He that gave
Her life, to me delightedly fulfill'd
All loving-kindnesses, all offices
Of watchful care and trembling tenderness.
He waked for both: he pray'd for both: he slept
Dreaming of both: nor was his love the less
Because it was divided, and shot forth
Boughs on each side, laden with wholesome shade,
Wherein we nested sleeping or awake,
And sang aloud the matin-song of life.

She was my foster-sister: on one arm
The flaxen ringlets of our infancies
Wander'd, the while we rested: one soft lap
Pillow'd us both: a common light of eyes
Was on us as we lay: our baby lips,
Kissing one bosom, ever drew from thence
The stream of life, one stream, one life, one blood,
One sustenance, which, still as thought grew large,
Still larger moulding all the house of thought,
Made all our tastes and fancies like, perhaps—
All—all but one; and strange to me, and sweet,
Sweet thro' strange years to know that whatsoe'er
Our general mother meant for me alone,
Our mutual mother dealt to both of us:
So what was earliest mine in earliest life,
I shared with her in whom myself remains.
As was our childhood, so our infancy,
They tell me, was a very miracle
Of fellow-feeling and communion.
They tell me that we would not be alone,—
We cried when we were parted; when I wept,
Her smile lit up the rainbow on my tears,
Staid on the cloud of sorrow; that we loved
The sound of one another's voices more
Than the gray cuckoo loves his name, and learnt
To lisp in tune together; that we slept
In the same cradle always, face to face,
Heart beating time to heart, lip pressing lip,
Folding each other, breathing on each other,
Dreaming together (dreaming of each other
They should have added), till the morning light
Sloped thro' the pines, upon the dewy pane
Falling, unseal'd our eyelids, and we woke
To gaze upon each other. If this be true,
At thought of which my whole soul languishes
And faints, and hath no pulse, no breath—as tho'
A man in some still garden should infuse
Rich atar in the bosom of the rose,
Till, drunk with its own wine, and overfull
Of sweetness, and in smelling of itself,
It fall on its own thorns—if this be true—
And that way my wish leads me evermore
Still to believe it—'tis so sweet a thought,
Why in the utter stillness of the soul
Doth question'd memory answer not, nor tell
Of this our earliest, our closest-drawn,
Most loveliest, earthly-heavenliest harmony?
O blossom'd portal of the lonely house,
Green prelude, April promise, glad new-year
Of Being, which with earliest violets
And lavish carol of clear-throated larks
Fill'd all the March of life!—I will not speak of thee;
These have not seen thee, these can never know thee,
They can not understand me. Pass we then
A term of eighteen years. Ye would but laugh,
If I should tell you how I hoard in thought
The faded rhymes and scraps of ancient crones,
Gray relics of the nurseries of the world,
Which are as gems set in my memory,
Because she learnt them with me; or what use
To know her father left us just before
The daffodil was blown? or how we found
The dead man cast upon the shore? All this
Seems to the quiet daylight of your minds
But cloud and smoke, and in the dark of mine
Is traced with flame. Move with me to the event.
There came a glorious morning, such a one
As dawns but once a season. Mercury
On such a morning would have flung himself
From cloud to cloud, and swum with balanced wings
To some tall mountain: when I said to her,
"A day for Gods to stoop," she answered, "Ay,
And men to soar:" for as that other gazed,
Shading his eyes till all the fiery cloud,
The prophet and the chariot and the steeds,
Suck'd into oneness like a little star
Were drunk into the inmost blue, we stood,
When first we came from out the pines at noon,
With hands for eaves, uplooking and almost
Waiting to see some blessed shape in heaven,
So bathed we were in brilliance. Never yet
Before or after have I known the spring
Pour with such sudden deluges of light
Into the middle summer; for that day
Love, rising, shook his wings, and charged the winds
With spiced May-sweets from bound to bound, and blew
Fresh fire into the sun, and from within
Burst thro' the heated buds, and sent his soul
Into the songs of birds, and touch'd far off
His mountain-altars, his high hills, with flame
Milder and purer.

Thro' the rocks we wound:
The great pine shook with lonely sounds of joy
That came on the sea-wind. As mountain streams
Our bloods ran free: the sunshine seem'd to brood
More warmly on the heart than on the brow.
We often paused, and, looking back, we saw
The clefts and openings in the mountains fill'd
With the blue valley and the glistening brooks,
And all the low dark groves, a land of love!
A land of promise, a land of memory,
A land of promise flowing with the milk
And honey of delicious memories!
And down to sea, and far as eye could ken,
Each way from verge to verge a Holy Land,
Still growing holier as you near'd the bay,
For there the Temple stood.

When we had reach'd
The grassy platform on some hill, I stoop'd,
I gather'd the wild herbs, and for her brows
And mine made garlands of the selfsame flower,
Which she took smiling, and with my work thus
Crown'd her clear forehead. Once or twice she told me
(For I remember all things) to let grow
The flowers that run poison in their veins.
She said, "The evil flourish in the world."
Then playfully she gave herself the lie—
"Nothing in nature is unbeautiful;
So, brother, pluck, and spare not." So I wove
Ev'n the dull-blooded poppy-stem, "whose flower,
Hued with the scarlet of a fierce sunrise,
Like to the wild youth of an evil prince,
Is without sweetness, but who crowns himself
Above the secret poisons of his heart
In his old age." A graceful thought of hers
Grav'n on my fancy! And oh, how like a nymph,
A stately mountain nymph she look'd! how native
Unto the hills she trod on! While I gazed,
My coronal slowly disentwined itself
And fell between us both; tho' while I gazed
My spirit leap't as with those thrills of bliss
That strike across the soul in prayer, and show us
That we are surely heard. Methought a light
Burst from the garland I had wov'n, and stood
A solid glory on her bright black hair;
A light methought broke from her dark, dark eyes,
And shot itself into the singing winds;
A mystic light flash'd ev'n from her white robe
As from a glass in the sun, and fell about
My footsteps on the mountains.

Last we came
To what our people call "The Hill of Woe."
A bridge is there, that, look'd at from beneath,
Seems but a cobweb filament to link
The yawning of an earthquake-cloven chasm.
And thence one night, when all the winds were loud,
A woful man (for so the story went)
Had thrust his wife and child and dash'd himself
Into the dizzy depth below. Below,
Fierce in the strength of far descent, a stream
Flies with a shatter'd foam along the chasm.
The path was perilous, loosely strewn with crags:
We mounted slowly; yet to both there came
The joy of life in steepness overcome,
And victories of ascent, and looking down
On all that had look'd down on us; and joy
In breathing nearer heaven; and joy to me,
High over all the azure-circled earth,
To breathe with her as if in heaven itself;
And more than joy that I to her became
Her guardian and her angel, raising her
Still higher, past all peril, until she saw
Beneath her feet the region far away,
Beyond the nearest mountain's bosky brows,
Burst into open prospect—heath and hill,
And hollow lined and wooded to the lips,
And steep-down walls of battlemented rock
Gilded with broom, or shatter'd into spires,
And glory of broad waters interfused,
Whence rose as it were breath and steam of gold,
And over all the great wood rioting
And climbing, streak'd or starr'd at intervals
With falling brook or blossom'd bush—and last,
Framing the mighty landscape to the west,
A purple range of mountain-cones, between
Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding bursts
The incorporate blaze of sun and sea.

At length
Descending from the point and standing both,
There on the tremulous bridge, that from beneath
Had seem'd a gossamer filament up in air,
We paused amid the splendor. All the west
And ev'n unto the middle south was ribb'd
And barr'd with bloom on bloom. The sun below,
Held for a space 'twixt cloud and wave, shower'd down
Rays of a mighty circle, weaving over
That various wilderness a tissue of light
Unparallel'd. On the other side, the moon,
Half melted into thin blue air, stood still,
And pale and fibrous as a wither'd leaf,
Nor yet endured in presence of His eyes
To indue his lustre; most unlover-like,
Since in his absence full of light and joy,
And giving light to others. But this most,
Next to her presence whom I loved so well,
Spoke loudly even into my inmost heart
As to my outward hearing: the loud stream,
Forth issuing from his portals in the crag
(A visible link unto the home of my heart),
Ran amber toward the west, and nigh the sea
Parting my own loved mountains was received,
Shorn of its strength, into the sympathy
Of that small bay, which out to open main
Glow'd intermingling close beneath the sun.
Spirit of Love! that little hour was bound
Shut in from Time, and dedicate to thee:
Thy fires from heaven had touch'd it, and the earth
They fell on became hallow'd evermore.

We turn'd: our eyes met: hers were bright, and mine
Were dim with floating tears, that shot the sunset
In lightnings round me; and my name was borne
Upon her breath. Henceforth my name has been
A hallow'd memory like the names of old,
A centred, glory-circled memory,
And a peculiar treasure, brooking not
Exchange or currency: and in that hour
A hope flow'd round me, like a golden mist
Charm'd amid eddies of melodious airs,
A moment, ere the onward whirlwind shatter it,
Waver'd and floated—which was less than Hope,
Because it lack'd the power of perfect Hope;
But which was more and higher than all Hope,
Because all other Hope had lower aim;
Even that this name to which her gracious lips
Did lend such gentle utterance, this one name,
In some obscure hereafter, might inwreathe
(How lovelier, nobler then!) her life, her love,
With my life, love, soul, spirit, and heart and strength.
"Brother," she said, "let this be call'd henceforth
The Hill of Hope;" and I replied, "O sister,
My will is one with thine; the Hill of Hope."
Nevertheless, we did not change the name.
I did not speak: I could not speak my love.
Love lieth deep: Love dwells not in lip-depths.
Love wraps his wings on either side the heart,
Constraining it with kisses close and warm,
Absorbing all the incense of sweet thoughts
So that they pass not to the shrine of sound.
Else had the life of that delighted hour
Drunk in the largeness of the utterance
Of Love; but how should Earthly measure mete
The Heavenly-unmeasured or unlimited Love,
Who scarce can tune his high majestic sense
Unto the thunder-song that wheels the spheres,
Scarce living in the Æolian harmony,
And flowing odor of the spacious air,
Scarce housed within the circle of this Earth,
Be cabin'd up in words and syllables,
Which pass with that which breathes them? Sooner Earth
Might go round Heaven, and the strait girth of Time
Inswathe the fullness of Eternity,
Than language grasp the infinite of Love.

O day which did enwomb that happy hour,
Thou art blessed in the years, divinest day!
O Genius of that hour which dost uphold
Thy coronal of glory like a God,
Amid thy melancholy mates far-seen,
Who walk before thee, ever turning round
To gaze upon thee till their eyes are dim
With dwelling on the light and depth of thine,
Thy name is ever worshipp'd among hours!
Had I died then, I had not seem'd to die,
For bliss stood round me like the light of Heaven—
Had I died then, I had not known the death;
Yea had the Power from whose right hand the light
Of Life issueth, and from whose left hand floweth
The Shadow of Death, perennial effluences,
Whereof to all that draw the wholesome air,
Somewhile the one must overflow the other;
Then had he stemm'd my day with night, and driven
My current to the fountain whence it sprang,—
Even his own abiding excellence—
On me, methinks, that shock of gloom had fall'n
Unfelt, and in this glory I had merged
The other, like the sun I gazed upon,
Which seeming for the moment due to death,
And dipping his head low beneath the verge,
Yet bearing round about him his own day,
In confidence of unabated strength,
Steppeth from Heaven to Heaven, from light to light,
And holdeth his undimmed forehead far
Into a clearer zenith, pure of cloud.

We trod the shadow of the downward hill;
We past from light to dark. On the other side
Is scoop'd a cavern and a mountain hall,
Which none have fathom'd. If you go far in
(The country people rumor) you may hear
The moaning of the woman and the child,
Shut in the secret chambers of the rock.
I too have heard a sound—perchance of streams
Running far on within its inmost halls,
The home of darkness; but the cavern-mouth,
Half overtrailed with a wanton weed,
Gives birth to a brawling brook, that passing lightly
Adown a natural stair of tangled roots,
Is presently received in a sweet grave
Of eglantines, a place of burial
Far lovelier than its cradle; for unseen,
But taken with the sweetness of the place,
It makes a constant bubbling melody
That drowns the nearer echoes. Lower down
Spreads out a little lake, that, flooding, leaves
Low banks of yellow sand; and from the woods
That belt it rise three dark, tall cypresses,—
Three cypresses, symbols of mortal woe,
That men plant over graves.

Hither we came,
And sitting down upon the golden moss,
Held converse sweet and low—low converse sweet,
In which our voices bore least part. The wind
Told a love tale beside us, how he woo'd
The waters, and the waters answering lisp'd
To kisses of the wind, that, sick with love,
Fainted at intervals, and grew again
To utterance of passion. Ye can not shape
Fancy so fair as is this memory.
Methought all excellence that ever was
Had drawn herself from many thousand years,
And all the separate Edens of this earth,
To centre in this place and time. I listen'd,
And her words stole with most prevailing sweetness
Into my heart, as thronging fancies come
To boys and girls when summer days are new,
And soul and heart and body are all at ease:
What marvel my Camilla told me all?
It was so happy an hour, so sweet a place,
And I was as the brother of her blood,
And by that name I moved upon her breath;
Dear name, which had too much of nearness in it
And heralded the distance of this time!
At first her voice was very sweet and low,
As if she were afraid of utterance;
But in the onward current of her speech
(As echoes of the hollow-banked brooks
Are fashion'd by the channel which they keep),
Her words did of their meaning borrow sound,
Her cheek did catch the color of her words.
I heard and trembled, yet I could but hear;
My heart paused—my raised eyelids would not fall,
But still I kept my eyes upon the sky.
I seem'd the only part of Time stood still,
And saw the motion of all other things;
While her words, syllable by syllable,
Like water, drop by drop, upon my ear

Fell; and I wish'd, yet wish'd her not to speak;
But she spake on, for I did name no wish.
What marvel my Camilla told me all
Her maiden dignities of Hope and Love—
"Perchance," she said, "return'd." Even then the stars
Did tremble in their stations as I gazed;
But she spake on, for I did name no wish,
No wish—no hope. Hope was not wholly dead,
But breathing hard at the approach of Death,—
Camilla, my Camilla, who was mine
No longer in the dearest sense of mine—
For all the secret of her inmost heart,
And all the maiden empire of her mind,
Lay like a map before me, and I saw
There, where I hoped myself to reign as king,
There, where that day I crown'd myself as king,
There in my realm and even on my throne,
Another! then it seem'd as tho' a link
Of some tight chain within my inmost frame
Was riven in twain: that life I heeded not
Flow'd from me, and the darkness of the grave,
The darkness of the grave and utter night,
Did swallow up my vision; at her feet,
Even the feet of her I loved, I fell,
Smit with exceeding sorrow unto Death.

Then had the earth beneath me yawning cloven
With such a sound as when an iceberg splits
From cope to base—had Heaven from all her doors,
With all her golden thresholds clashing, roll'd
Her heaviest thunder—I had lain as dead,
Mute, blind, and motionless as then I lay;
Dead, for henceforth there was no life for me!
Mute, for henceforth what use were words to me!
Blind, for the day was as the night to me!
The night to me was kinder than the day;
The night in pity took away my day,
Because my grief as yet was newly born
Of eyes too weak to look upon the light;
And thro' the hasty notice of the ear
Frail Life was startled from the tender love
Of him she brooded over. Would I had lain
Until the plaited ivy-tress had wound
Round my worn limbs, and the wild brier had driven
Its knotted thorns thro' my unpaining brows,
Leaning its roses on my faded eyes.
The wind had blown above me, and the rain
Had fall'n upon me, and the gilded snake
Had nestled in this bosom-throne of Love,
But I had been at rest for evermore.

Long time entrancement held me. All too soon
Life (like a wanton too-officious friend,
Who will not *hear* denial, vain and rude
With proffer of unwished-for services)
Entering all the avenues of sense
Past thro' into his citadel, the brain,
With hated warmth of apprehensiveness.
And first the chillness of the sprinkled brook
Smote on my brows, and then I seem'd to hear
Its murmur, as the drowning seaman hears,
Who with his head below the surface dropt
Listens the muffled booming indistinct
Of the confused floods, and dimly knows
His head shall rise no more: and then came in
The white light of the weary moon above,
Diffused and molten into flaky cloud.
Was my sight drunk that it did shape to me
Him who should own that name? Were it not well
If so be that the echo of that name
Ringing within the fancy had updrawn
A fashion and a phantasm of the form
It should attach to? Phantom!—had the ghastliest
That ever lusted for a body, sucking
The foul steam of the grave to thicken by it,
There in the shuddering moonlight brought its face
And what it has for eyes as close to mine
As he did—better that than his, than he
The friend, the neighbor, Lionel, the beloved,
The loved, the lover, the happy Lionel,
The low-voiced, tender-spirited Lionel,
All joy, to whom my agony was a joy.
O how her choice did leap forth from his eyes!
O how her love did clothe itself in smiles
About his lips! and—not one moment's grace—
Then when the effect weigh'd seas upon my head
To come my way! to twit me with the cause!

Was not the land as free thro' all her ways
To him as me? Was not his wont to walk
Between the going light and growing night?
Had I not learnt my loss before he came?
Could that be more because he came my way?
Why should he not come my way if he would?
And yet to-night, to-night—when all my wealth
Flash'd from me in a moment and I fell
Beggar'd forever—why *should* he come my way
Robed in those robes of light I must not wear,
With that great crown of beams about his brows—
Come like an angel to a damned soul,
To tell him of the bliss he had with God—
Come like a careless and a greedy heir
That scarce can wait the reading of the will
Before he takes possession? Was mine a mood
To be invaded rudely, and not rather
A sacred, secret, unapproached woe,
Unspeakable? I was shut up with Grief;
She took the body of my past delight,
Narded and swathed and balm'd it for herself,
And laid it in a sepulchre of rock
Never to rise again. I was led mute
Into her temple like a sacrifice;
I was the High Priest in her holiest place,
Not to be loudly broken in upon.
Oh friend, thoughts deep and heavy as these well-nigh
O'erbore the limits of my brain: but he
Bent o'er me, and my neck his arm upstay'd.
I thought it was an adder's fold, and once
I strove to disengage myself, but fail'd,
Being so feeble: she bent above me, too;
Wan was her cheek; for whatsoe'er of blight
Lives in the dewy touch of pity had made
The red rose there a pale one—and her eyes—
I saw the moonlight glitter on their tears—
And some few drops of that distressful rain
Fell on my face, and her long ringlets moved,
Drooping and beaten by the breeze, and brush'd
My fallen forehead in their to and fro,
For in the sudden anguish of her heart
Loosed from their simple thrall they had flow'd abroad,
And floated on and parted round her neck,
Mantling her form half way. She, when I woke,
Something she ask'd, I know not what, and ask'd,
Unanswer'd, since I spake not; for the sound
Of that dear voice so musically low,
And now first heard with any sense of pain,
As it had taken life away before,
Choked all the syllables, that strove to rise
From my full heart.

The blissful lover, too,
From his great hoard of happiness distill'd
Some drops of solace; like a vain rich man,
That, having always prosper'd in the world,
Folding his hands, deals comfortable words
To hearts wounded forever; yet, in truth,
Fair speech was his and delicate of phrase,
Falling in whispers on the sense, address'd
More to the inward than the outward ear,
As rain of the midsummer midnight soft,
Scarce heard, recalling fragrance and the green
Of the dead spring: but mine was wholly dead,
No bud, no leaf, no flower, no fruit for me.
Yet who had done, or who had suffer'd wrong?
And why was I to darken their pure love,
If, as I found, they two did love each other,
Because my own was darken'd? Why was I
To cross between their happy star and them?
To stand a shadow by their shining doors,
And vex them with my darkness? Did I love her?
Ye know that I did love her; to this present
My full-orb'd love has waned not. Did I love her,
And could I look upon her tearful eyes?
What had *she* done to weep? Why should *she* weep?
O innocent of spirit—let my heart
Break rather—whom the gentlest airs of Heaven
Should kiss with an unwonted gentleness.
Her love did murder mine? What then? She deem'd
I wore a brother's mind: she call'd me brother:
She told me all her love: she shall not weep.

The brightness of a burning thought, awhile
In battle with the glooms of my dark will,
Moon-like emerged, and to itself lit up
There on the depth of an unfathom'd woe
Reflex of action. Starting up at once,
As from a dismal dream of my own death,
I, for I loved her, lost my love in Love;
I, for I loved her, graspt the hand she lov'd,
And laid it in her own, and sent my cry
Thro' the blank night to Him who loving made
The happy and the unhappy love, that He
Would hold the hand of blessing over them,
Lionel, the happy, and her, and her, his bride!
Let them so love that men and boys may say,
"Lo! how they love each other!" till their love
Shall ripen to a proverb, unto all
Known, when their faces are forgot in the land—
One golden dream of love, from which may death
Awake them with heaven's music in a life
More living to some happier happiness,
Swallowing its precedent in victory.
And as for me, Camilla, as for me,—
The dew of tears is an unwholesome dew,
They will but sicken the sick plant the more.
Deem that I love thee but as brothers do,
So shalt thou love me still as sisters do;
Or if thou dream aught farther, dream but how
I could have loved thee, had there been none else
To love as lovers, loved again by thee.

Or this, or somewhat like to this, I spake,
When I beheld her weep so ruefully;
For sure my love should ne'er indue the front
And mask of Hate, who lives on others' moans.
Shall Love pledge Hatred in her bitter draughts,
And batten on her poisons? Love forbid!
Love passeth not the threshold of cold Hate,
And Hate is strange beneath the roof of Love.
O Love, if thou be'st Love, dry up these tears
Shed for the love of Love; for tho' mine image,
The subject of thy power, be cold in her,
Yet, like cold snow, it melteth in the source
Of these sad tears, and feeds their downward flow.
So Love, arraign'd to judgment and to death,
Received unto himself a part of blame,
Being guiltless, as an innocent prisoner,
Who, when the woful sentence hath been past,
And all the clearness of his fame hath gone
Beneath the shadow of the curse of man,
First falls asleep in swoon, wherefrom awaked,
And looking round upon his tearful friends,
Forthwith and in his agony conceives
A shameful sense as of a cleaving crime—
For whence without some guilt should such grief be?

So died that hour, and fell into the abysm
Of forms outworn, but not to me outworn,
Who never hail'd another—was there one?
There might be one—one other, worth the life
That made it sensible. So that hour died
Like odor rapt into the winged wind
Borne into alien lands and far away.

There be some hearts so airily built, that they,
They—when their love is wreck'd—if Love can wreck—
On that sharp ridge of utmost doom ride highly
Above the perilous seas of Change and Chance;
Nay, more, hold out the lights of cheerfulness;
As the tall ship, that many a dreary year
Knit to some dismal sand-bank far at sea,
All thro' the livelong hours of utter dark,
Showers slanting light upon the dolorous wave.
For me—what light, what gleam on those black ways
Where Love could walk with banish'd Hope no more?

It was ill done to part you, Sisters fair;
Love's arms were wreath'd about the neck of Hope,
And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew in her breath
In that close kiss, and drank her whisper'd tales.
They said that Love would die when Hope was gone,
And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd after Hope;
At last she sought out Memory, and they trod
The same old paths where Love had walk'd with Hope,
And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears.

II.

FROM that time forth I would not see her more;
But many weary moons I lived alone—
Alone, and in the heart of the great forest.
Sometimes upon the hills beside the sea
All day I watch'd the floating isles of shade,
And sometimes on the shore, upon the sands
Insensibly I drew her name, until
The meaning of the letters shot into
My brain; anon the wanton billow wash'd
Them over, till they faded like my love.
The hollow caverns heard me—the black brooks
Of the mid-forest heard me—the soft winds,
Laden with thistle-down and seeds of flowers,
Paused in their course to hear me, for my voice
Was all of thee: the merry linnet knew me,
The squirrel knew me, and the dragon-fly
Shot by me like a flash of purple fire.
The rough brier tore my bleeding palms; the hemlock
Brow-high, did strike my forehead as I past;
Yet trod I not the wildflower in my path,
Nor bruised the wildbird's egg.

Was this the end?
Why grew we then together in one plot?
Why fed we from one fountain? drew one sun?
Why were our mothers' branches of one stem?
Why were we one in all things, save in that
Where to have been one had been the cope and crown
Of all I hoped and fear'd?—if that same nearness
Were father to this distance, and that *one*
Vauntcourier to this *double?* if Affection
Living slew Love, and Sympathy hew'd out
The bosom-sepulchre of Sympathy?

Chiefly I sought the cavern and the hill
Where last we roam'd together, for the sound
Of the loud stream was pleasant, and the wind
Came wooingly with woodbine smells. Sometimes
All day I sat within the cavern-mouth,
Fixing my eyes on those three cypress-cones
That spired above the wood; and with mad hand
Tearing the bright leaves of the ivy-screen,
I cast them in the noisy brook beneath,
And watch'd them till they vanish'd from my sight
Beneath the bower of wreathed eglantines:
And all the fragments of the living rock
(Huge blocks, which some old trembling of the world
Had loosen'd from the mountain, till they fell
Half digging their own graves), these in my agony
Did I make bare of all the golden moss,
Wherewith the dashing runnel in the spring
Had liveried them all over. In my brain
The spirit seem'd to flag from thought to thought,
As moonlight wandering thro' a mist: my blood
Crept like marsh drains thro' all my languid limbs;
The motions of my heart seem'd far within me,
Unfrequent, low, as tho' it told its pulses;
And yet it shook me, that my frame would shudder,
As if 'twere drawn asunder by the rack.
But over the deep graves of Hope and Fear,
And all the broken palaces of the Past,
Brooded one master-passion evermore,
Like to a low-hung and a fiery sky
Above some fair metropolis, earth-shock'd,—
Hung round with ragged rims and burning folds,—
Embathing all with wild and woful hues,
Great hills of ruins, and collapsed masses
Of thunder-shaken columns indistinct,
And fused together in the tyrannous light—
Ruins, the ruin of all my life and me!

Sometimes I thought Camilla was no more,
Some one had told she was dead, and ask'd me
If I would see her burial: then I seem'd
To rise, and through the forest-shadow borne
With more than mortal swiftness, I ran down
The steepy sea-bank, till I came upon
The rear of a procession, curving round
The silver-sheeted bay: in front of which
Six stately virgins, all in white, upbare
A broad earth-sweeping pall of whitest lawn,
Wreathed round the bier with garlands: in the distance,
From out the yellow woods upon the hill
Look'd forth the summit and the pinnacles
Of a gray steeple—thence at intervals
A low bell tolling. All the pageantry,
Save those six virgins which upheld the bier,
Were stoled from head to foot in flowing black;
One walk'd abreast with me, and veil'd his brow,
And he was loud in weeping and in praise
Of her we follow'd: a strong sympathy
Shook all my soul: I flung myself upon him
In tears and cries: I told him all my love,
How I had loved her from the first; whereat
He shrank and howl'd, and from his brow drew back
His hand to push me from him; and the face,
The very face and form of Lionel
Flash'd thro' my eyes into my innermost brain,
And at his feet I seemed to faint and fall,
To fall and die away. I could not rise
Albeit I strove to follow. They past on,
The lordly Phantasms! in their floating folds
They past and were no more: but I had fallen
Prone by the dashing runnel on the grass.

Alway the inaudible invisible thought,
Artificer and subject, lord and slave,
Shaped by the audible and visible,
Moulded the audible and visible;
All crisped sounds of wave and leaf and wind
Flatter'd the fancy of my fading brain;
The cloud-pavilion'd element, the wood,
The mountain, the three cypresses, the cave,
Storm, sunset, glows and glories of the moon
Below black firs, when silent-creeping winds
Laid the long night in silver streaks and bars,
Were wrought into the tissue of my dream:
The moanings in the forest, the loud brook,
Cries of the partridge like a rusty key
Turn'd in a lock, owl-whoop and dorhawk-whir,
Awoke me not, but were a part of sleep,
And voices in the distance calling to me
And in my vision bidding me dream on,
Like sounds without the twilight realm of dreams,
Which wander round the bases of the hills,
And murmur at the low-dropt eaves of sleep,
Half-entering the portals. Oftentimes
The vision had fair prelude, in the end
Opening on darkness, stately vestibules
To caves and shows of Death: whether the mind,
With some revenge—even to itself unknown,—
Made strange division of its suffering
With her, whom to have suffering view'd had been
Extremest pain; or that the clear-eyed Spirit,
Being blunted in the Present, grew at length
Prophetical and prescient of whate'er
The Future had in store: or that which most
Enchains belief, the sorrow of my spirit
Was of so wide a compass it took in
All I had loved, and my dull agony,
Ideally to her transferr'd, became
Anguish intolerable.

The day waned;
Alone I sat with her: about my brow
Her warm breath floated in the utterance
Of silver-chorded tones: her lips were sunder'd
With smiles of tranquil bliss, which broke in light
Like morning from her eyes—her eloquent eyes
(As I have seen them many a hundred times),
Filled all with pure clear fire, thro' mine down rain'd
Their spirit-searching splendors. As a vision
Unto a haggard prisoner, iron-stay'd
In damp and dismal dungeons under-ground,
Confined on points of faith, when strength is shock'd
With torment, and expectancy of worse
Upon the morrow, thro' the ragged walls,
All unawares before his half-shut eyes,
Comes in upon him in the dead of night,
And with the excess of sweetness and of awe,
Makes the heart tremble, and the sight run over
Upon his steely gyves; so those fair eyes
Shone on my darkness, forms which ever stood
Within the magic cirque of memory,
Invisible but deathless, waiting still
The edict of the will to re-assume
The semblance of those rare realities
Of which they were the mirrors. Now the light
Which was their life bursts through the cloud of thought
Keen, irrepressible.

It was a room
Within the summer-house of which I spake,
Hung round with paintings of the sea, and one
A vessel in mid-ocean, her heaved prow
Clambering, the mast bent and the ravin wind
In her sail roaring. From the outer day,
Betwixt the close-set ivies came a broad
And solid beam of isolated light,
Crowded with driving atomies, and fell
Slanting upon that picture, from prime youth
Well known well loved. She drew it long ago
Forth-gazing on the waste and open sea,
One morning when the upblown billow ran
Shoreward beneath red clouds, and I had pour'd
Into the shadowing pencil's naked forms
Color and life: it was a bond and seal
Of friendship, spoken of with tearful smiles;
A monument of childhood and of love;
The poesy of childhood; my lost love
Symbol'd in storm. We gazed on it together
In mute and glad remembrance, and each heart
Grew closer to the other, and the eye
Was riveted and charm-bound, gazing like
The Indian on a still-eyed snake, low-couch'd—
A beauty which is death; when all at once
That painted vessel, as with inner life,
Began to heave upon that painted sea;
An earthquake, my loud heart-beats, made the ground
Reel under us, and all at once, soul, life
And breath and motion, past and flow'd away
To those unreal billows: round and round
A whirlwind caught and bore us; mighty gyres
Rapid and vast, of hissing spray wind-driven
Far thro' the dizzy dark. Aloud she shriek'd;
My heart was cloven with pain; I wound my arms
About her: we whirl'd giddily; the wind
Sung; but I claspt her without fear: her weight
Shrank in my grasp, and over my dim eyes,
And parted lips which drank her breath, down hung
The jaws of Death: I, groaning, from me flung
Her empty phantom: all the sway and whirl
Of the storm dropt to windless calm, and I
Down welter'd thro' the dark ever and ever.

III.

I CAME one day and sat among the stones
Strewn in the entry of the moaning cave;
A morning air, sweet after rain, ran over
The rippling levels of the lake, and blew
Coolness and moisture and all smells of bud
And foliage from the dark and dripping woods
Upon my fever'd brows that shook and throbb'd
From temple unto temple. To what height
The day had grown I know not. Then came on me
The hollow tolling of the bell, and all
The vision of the bier. As heretofore,
I walk'd behind with one who veil'd his brow.
Methought by slow degrees the sullen bell
Toll'd quicker, and the breakers on the shore
Sloped into louder surf: those that went with me,
And those that held the bier before my face,
Moved with one spirit round about the bay,
Trod swifter steps; and while I walk'd with these
In marvel at that gradual change, I thought
Four bells instead of one began to ring,
Four merry bells, four merry marriage bells,
In clanging cadence jangling peal on peal—
A long loud clash of rapid marriage bells.
Then those who led the van, and those in rear,
Rush'd into dance, and like wild Bacchanals
Fled onward to the steeple in the woods:
I, too, was borne along and felt the blast
Beat on my heated eyelids: all at once
The front rank made a sudden halt; the bells
Lapsed into frightful stillness; the surge fell
From thunder into whispers; those six maids
With shrieks and ringing laughter on the sand
Threw down the bier; the woods upon the hill
Waved with a sudden gust that sweeping down
Took the edges of the pall, and blew it far
Until it hung, a little silver cloud
Over the sounding seas: I turn'd: my heart
Shrank in me, like a snow-flake in the hand,
Waiting to see the settled countenance
Of her I loved, adorn'd with fading flowers.
But she from out her death-like chrysalis,
She from her bier, as into fresher life,
My sister, and my cousin, and my love,
Leapt lightly, clad in bridal white—her hair
Studded with one rich Provence rose—a light
Of smiling welcome round her lips—her eyes
And cheeks as bright as when she climb'd the hill.
One hand she reach'd to those that came behind,
And while I mused nor yet endured to take
So rich a prize, the man who stood with me
Stept gayly forward, throwing down his robes,
And claspt her hand in his: again the bells
Jangled and clang'd: again the stormy surf
Crash'd in the shingle: and the whirling rout
Led by those two rush'd into dance, and fled
Wind-footed to the steeple in the woods,
Till they were swallow'd in the leafy bowers,
And I stood sole beside the vacant bier.

There, there, my latest vision—then the event!

IV.

THE GOLDEN SUPPER.

(*Another speaks.*)

HE flies the event: he leaves the event to me:
Poor Julian—how he rush'd away; the bells,
Those marriage bells, echoing in ear and heart—
But cast a parting glance at me, you saw,
As who should say "Continue." Well, he had
One golden hour—of triumph shall I say?
Solace at least—before he left his home.

Would you had seen him in that hour of his!
He moved thro' all of it majestically—
Restrain'd himself quite to the close—but now—

Whether they *were* his lady's marriage bells,
Or prophets of them in his fantasy,
I never asked: but Lionel and the girl
Were wedded, and our Julian came again
Back to his mother's house among the pines.
But these, their gloom, the mountains and the Bay,
The whole land, weigh'd him down as Ætna does
The Giant of Mythology: he would go,
Would leave the land forever, and had gone
Surely, but for a whisper, "Go not yet,"
Some warning—sent divinely—as it seem'd
By that which follow'd—but of this I deem
As of the visions that he told—the event
Glanced back upon them in his after-life,
And partly made them—tho' he knew it not.

And thus he staid and would not look at her—
No not for months; but, when the eleventh moon
After their marriage lit the lover's Bay,
Heard yet once more the tolling bell, and said,
Would you could toll me out of life, but found—
All softly as his mother broke it to him—
A crueller reason than a crazy ear,
For that low knell tolling his lady dead—
Dead—and had lain three days without a pulse:
All that look'd on her had pronounced her dead.
And so they bore her (for in Julian's land
They never nail a dumb head up in elm),
Bore her free-faced to the free airs of heaven,
And laid her in the vault of her own kin.

What did he then? not die: he is here and hale—
Not plunge head-foremost from the mountain there,
And leave the name of Lover's Leap: not he:
He knew the meaning of the whisper now,
Thought that he knew it. "This, I staid for this;
O love, I have not seen you for so long.
Now, now, will I go down into the grave,
I will be all alone with all I love,
And kiss her on the lips. She is his no more:
The dead returns to me, and I go down
To kiss the dead."

The fancy stirr'd him so
He rose and went, and entering the dim vault,
And, making there a sudden light, beheld
All round about him that which all will be.
The light was but a flash, and went again.
Then at the far end of the vault he saw
His lady with the moonlight on her face;
Her breast as in a shadow-prison, bars
Of black and bands of silver, which the moon
Struck from an open grating overhead
High in the wall, and all the rest of her
Drown'd in the gloom and horror of the vault.

"It was my wish," he said, "to pass, to sleep,
To rest, to be with her—till the great day
Peal'd on us with that music which rights all,
And raised us hand in hand." And kneeling there
Down in the dreadful dust that once was man,
Dust, as he said, that once was loving hearts,
Hearts that had beat with such a love as mine—
Not such as mine, no, nor for such as her—
He softly put his arm about her neck
And kissed her more than once, till helpless death
And silence made him bold—nay, but I wrong him,
He reverenced his dear lady even in death;
But, placing his true hand upon her heart,
"O, you warm heart," he moaned, "not even death
Can chill you all at once:" then starting, thought
His dreams had come again. "Do I wake or sleep?
Or am I made immortal, or my love
Mortal once more?" It beat—the heart—it beat:
Faint—but it beat: at which his own began
To pulse with such a vehemence that it drowned
The feebler motion underneath his hand.
But when at last his doubts were satisfied,
He raised her softly from the sepulchre,
And wrapping her all over with the cloak
He came in, and now striding fast, and now
Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore
Holding his golden burden in his arms,
So bore her thro' the solitary land
Back to the mother's house where she was born.

There the good mother's kindly ministering,
With half a night's appliances, recall'd
Her fluttering life: she raised an eye that ask'd
"Where?" till the things familiar to her youth
Had made a silent answer: then she spoke
"Here! and how came I here?" and learning it
(They told her somewhat rashly as I think),
At once began to wander and to wail,
"Ay, but you know that you must give me back:
Send! bid him come;" but Lionel was away—
Stung by his loss had vanished, none knew where.
"He casts me out," she wept, "and goes"—a wail
That seeming something, yet was nothing, born
Not from believing mind, but shatter'd nerve,
Yet haunting Julian, as her own reproof
At some precipitance in her burial.
Then, when her own true spirit had return'd,
"O yes, and you," she said, "and none but you."
For you have given me life and love again,
And none but you yourself shall tell him of it,
And you shall give me back when he returns.
"Stay then a little," answered Julian, "here,
And keep yourself, none knowing, to yourself;
And I will do your will. I may not stay,
No, not an hour; but send me notice of him

When he returns, and then will I return,
And I will make a solemn offering of you
To him you love." And faintly she replied,
"And I will do *your* will, and none shall know."

Not know? with such a secret to be known.
But all their house was old and loved them both,
And all the house had known the loves of both;
Had died almost to serve them any way,
And all the land was waste and solitary:
And then he rode away; but after this,
An hour or two, Camilla's travail came
Upon her, and that day a boy was born,
Heir of his face and land, to Lionel.

And thus our lonely lover rode away,
And pausing at a hostel in a marsh,
There fever seized upon him: myself was then
Travelling that land, and meant to rest an hour;
And sitting down to such a base repast,
It makes me angry yet to speak of it—
I heard a groaning overhead, and climb'd
The moulder'd stairs (for every thing was vile),
And in a loft, with none to wait on him,
Found, as it seem'd, a skeleton alone,
Raving of dead men's dust and beating hearts.

A dismal hostel in a dismal land,
A flat malarian world of reed and rush!
But there from fever and my care of him
Sprang up a friendship that may help us yet.
For while we roam'd along the dreary coast,
And waited for her message, piece by piece
I learnt the drearier story of his life;
And tho' he loved and honor'd Lionel,
Found that the sudden wail his lady made
Dwelt in his fancy: did he know her worth,
Her beauty even? should he not be taught,
Ev'n by the price that others set upon it,
The value of that jewel he had to guard?

Suddenly came her notice, and we past,
I with our lover to his native Bay.

This love is of the brain, the mind, the soul:
That makes the sequel pure; tho' some of us
Beginning at the sequel know no more.
Not such am I: and yet I say, the bird
That will not hear my call, however sweet,
But if my neighbor whistle answers him—
What matter? there are others in the wood.
Yet when I saw her (and I thought him crazed,
Tho' not with such a craziness as needs
A cell and keeper), those dark eyes of hers—
Oh! such dark eyes! and not her eyes alone,
But all from these to where she touch'd on earth,
For such a craziness as Julian's look'd
No less than one divine apology.

So sweetly and so modestly she came
To greet us, her young hero in her arms!
"Kiss him," she said. "You gave me life again.
He, but for you, had never seen it once.
His other father you! Kiss him, and then
Forgive him, if his name be Julian too."

Talk of lost hopes and broken heart! his own
Sent such a flame into his face, I knew
Some sudden vivid pleasure hit him there.

But he was all the more resolved to go,
And sent at once to Lionel, praying him
By that great love they both had borne the dead,
To come and revel for one hour with him
Before he left the land for evermore;
And then to friends—they were not many—who lived
Scatteringly about that lonely land of his,
And bade them to a banquet of farewells.

And Julian made a solemn feast: I never
Sat at a costlier; for all round his hall
From column on to column, as in a wood,
Not such as here—an equatorial one—
Great garlands swung and blossom'd; and beneath,
Heirlooms, and ancient miracles of Art,
Chalice and salver, wines that, Heaven knows when,
Had suck'd the fire of some forgotten sun,
And kept it thro' a hundred years of gloom,
Yet glowing in a heart of ruby—cups
Where nymph and god ran ever round in gold—
Others of glass as costly—some with gems
Movable and resettable at will,
And trebling all the rest in value—Ah heavens!
Why need I tell you all?—suffice to say
That whatsoever such a house as his,
And his was old, has in it rare or fair
Was brought before the guest: and they, the guests,
Wonder'd at some strange light in Julian's eyes
(I told you that he had his golden hour),
And such a feast, ill suited as it seem'd
To such a time, to Lionel's loss and his,
And that resolved self-exile from a land
He never would revisit, such a feast
So rich, so strange, and stranger ev'n than rich,
But rich as for the nuptials of a king.

And stranger yet, at one end of the hall
Two great funereal curtains, looping down,
Parted a little ere they met the floor,
About a picture of his lady, taken
Some years before, and falling hid the frame.
And just above the parting was a lamp:
So the sweet figure folded round with night
Seem'd stepping out of darkness with a smile.

Well, then—our solemn feast—we ate and drank,
And might—the wines being of such nobleness—
Have jested also, but for Julian's eyes,
And something weird and wild about it all:
What was it? for our lover seldom spoke,
Scarce touch'd the meats; but ever and anon
A priceless goblet with a priceless wine
Arising, show'd he drank beyond his use;
And when the feast was near an end, he said:

"There is a custom in the Orient, friends—
I read of it in Persia—when a man
Will honor those who feast with him, he brings
And shows them whatsoever he accounts
Of all his treasures the most beautiful,
Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may be.
This custom—"

Pausing here a moment, all
The guests broke in upon him with meeting hands
And cries about the banquet—"Beautiful!
Who could desire more beauty at a feast?"

The lover answer'd, "There is more than one
Here sitting who desires it. Laud me not
Before my time, but hear me to the close.
This custom steps yet further when the guest
Is loved and honor'd to the uttermost.
For after he hath shown him gems or gold,
He brings and sets before him in rich guise
That which is thrice as beautiful as these,
The beauty that is dearest to his heart—
'O my heart's lord, would I could show you,' he says,
'Ev'n my heart too.' And I propose to-night
To show you what is dearest to my heart,
And my heart too.

"But solve me first a doubt.
I knew a man, nor many years ago;
He had a faithful servant, one who loved
His master more than all on earth beside.
He falling sick, and seeming close on death,
His master would not wait until he died,
But bade his menials bear him from the door,
And leave him in the public way to die.
I knew another, not so long ago,
Who found the dying servant, took him home,
And fed, and cherish'd him, and saved his life.
I ask you now, should this first master claim
His service, whom does it belong to? him
Who thrust him out, or him who saved his life?"

This question, so flung down before the guests,
And balanced either way by each, at length,
When some were doubtful how the law would hold,
Was handed over by consent of all
To one who had not spoken, Lionel.

Fair speech was his, and delicate of phrase.
And he, beginning languidly—his loss
Weigh'd on him yet—but warming as he went,
Glanced at the point of law, to pass it by,
Affirming that as long as either lived,
By all the laws of love and gratefulness,
The service of the one so saved was due
All to the saver—adding, with a smile,
The first for many weeks—a semi-smile
As at a strong conclusion—"body and soul
And life and limbs, all his to work his will."

Then Julian made a secret sign to me
To bring Camilla down before them all.
And crossing her own picture as she came,
And looking as much lovelier as herself
Is lovelier than all others—on her head
A diamond circlet, and from under this
A veil, that seemed no more than gilded air,
Flying by each fine ear, an Eastern gauze
With seeds of gold—so, with that grace of hers,
Slow-moving as a wave against the wind,
That flings a mist behind it in the sun—
And bearing high in arms the mighty babe,
The younger Julian, who himself was crown'd
With roses, none so rosy as himself—
And over all her babe and her the jewels
Of many generations of his house
Sparkled and flash'd, for he had decked them out
As for a solemn sacrifice of love—
So she came in:—I am long in telling it,
I never yet beheld a thing so strange,
Sad, sweet, and strange together—floated in—
While all the guests in mute amazement rose—
And slowly pacing to the middle hall,
Before the board, there paused and stood, her breast
Hard-heaving, and her eyes upon her feet,
Not daring yet to glance at Lionel.
But him she carried, him nor lights nor feast
Dazed or amazed, nor eyes of men; who cared
Only to use his own, and staring wide
And hungering for the gilt and jewell'd world
About him, look'd, as he is like to prove,
When Julian goes, the lord of all he saw.

"My guests," said Julian: "you are honor'd now
Ev'n to the uttermost: in her behold
Of all my treasures the most beautiful,
Of all things upon earth the dearest to me."
Then waving us a sign to seat ourselves,
Led his dear lady to a chair of state.
And I, by Lionel sitting, saw his face
Fire, and dead ashes and all fire again
Thrice in a second, felt him tremble too,
And heard him muttering, "So like, so like;
She never had a sister. I knew none.
Some cousin of his and hers—O God, so like!"
And then he suddenly ask'd her if she were.
She shook, and cast her eyes down, and was dumb.
And then some other question'd if she came
From foreign lands, and still she did not speak.
Another, if the boy were hers: but she
To all their queries answer'd not a word,
Which made the amazement more, till one of them
Said, shuddering, "Her spectre!" But his friend
Replied, in half a whisper, "Not at least
The spectre that will speak if spoken to.
Terrible pity, if one so beautiful
Prove, as I almost dread to find her, dumb!"

But Julian, sitting by her, answer'd all:
"She is but dumb because in her you see
That faithful servant whom we spoke about,
Obedient to her second master now;
Which will not last. I have here to-night a guest
So bound to me by common love and loss—
What! shall I bind him more? in his behalf,
Shall I exceed the Persian, giving him
That which of all things is the dearest to me,
Not only showing? and he himself pronounced
That my rich gift is wholly mine to give.

"Now all be dumb, and promise all of you
Not to break in on what I say by word
Or whisper, while I show you all my heart."
And then began the story of his love
As here to-day, but not so wordily—
The passionate moment would not suffer that—
Past thro' his visions to the burial; thence
Down to this last strange hour in his own hall;
And then rose up, and with him all his guests
Once more as by enchantment; all but he,
Lionel, who fain had risen, but fell again,
And sat as if in chains—to whom he said:

"Take my free gift, my cousin, for your wife;
And were it only for the giver's sake,
And tho' she seem so like the one you lost,
Yet cast her not away so suddenly,
Lest there be none left here to bring her back:
I leave this land forever." Here he ceased.

Then taking his dear lady by one hand,
And bearing on one arm the noble babe,
He slowly brought them both to Lionel.
And there the widower husband and dead wife
Rush'd each at each with a cry, that rather seem'd
For some new death than for a life renew'd;
Whereat the very babe began to wail;
At once they turn'd, and caught and brought him in
To their charm'd circle, and, half killing him
With kisses, round him closed and claspt again.
But Lionel, when at last he freed himself
From wife and child, and lifted up a face
All over glowing with the sun of life,
And love, and boundless thanks—the sight of this
So frighted our good friend, that, turning to me
And saying, "It is over: let us go"—
There were our horses ready at the doors—
We bade them no farewell, but mounting these
He past forever from his native land;
And I with him, my Julian, back to mine.

"SURPRISED."

From the Painting by A. F. Tait.

THE "OHIO IDEA" OF BABY-FARMING.

THE BUMBOAT WOMAN OF OHIO. "Oh, bitter is my cup!
However could I do it?
I mixed those children up,
And not a creature knew it."

CHORUS. "However could you do it?
Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it,
Although no creature knew it,
So many days ago!"

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

WATCH an errand-boy in any of our crowded thoroughfares. Can he be quiet? Not a bit of it. Noisy he must be, or nothing. Whistling a popular melody with that earnestness of purpose peculiar to him, or with forefingers stretching wide his mouth, emitting a shriek only excelled by a railway engine, he goes on his way rejoicing. Perhaps he accompanies his performance by dragging a stick along the palings which he happens to be passing, making them ring again. But in some way or other he will have noise, for he delights in it as part of his very nature. As he grows older, he is sure sooner or later to fulfill his destiny and procure some kind of musical instrument. A penny whistle is generally his first investment, and some popular negro melody his first tune. Later on, when the period of hobbledehoyhood grows upon him, he affects that dreadful instrument of torture, a cheap concertina. With this, and one or two boon companions similarly armed, he parades the streets when work is over, and enjoys himself in his own way.

If we examine the contents of a modern toy-shop, we shall find that nearly fifty per cent. of the stock is intended for the production of noise. First we may notice the corals, which no well-conducted baby would condescend to notice unless they were decorated with noisy little bells. Then we have several types of rattle. There is the rattle proper, made of basket-work, and containing some mysterious articles which tinkle whenever it is moved. Then there is the improved rattle—a kind of small drum fixed on a handle, and occasionally crowned with a cap and bells. Next we have drums of all sizes, made of real parchment, and capable of any amount of acoustic display. By-the-way, we have remarked that toy drum skins are often covered with legal matter, reminiscences of forgotten lawsuits. It is a question, therefore, whether some of them were not very noisy subjects before being brought to the drum-head. Trumpets galore, only capable of producing one solitary note; but that one note is of such distressing nasal qualities that it is more than sufficient to make good all deficiencies. Then comes the harmonicon tribe—plates of brass, glass, or even hard wood placed in a frame, and tinkled into melody by little wooden mallets. Our list is not half complete, for we have not yet touched upon the delicate subject of whistles. We have noticed in this connection with some sadness that, not content with the whistle *per se*, a degenerate custom has lately obtained of attaching surreptitious whistles to other toys. The baby's coral has often this exasperating addition. Riding-whips and pop-guns are also to be regarded with suspicion for the same reason. There is also a numerous class of vulcanized India rubber dolls and animals which are squeezed into expressing their feelings through a small metallic whistle which forms part of their internal economy.

Another wide field for the invention of noisy toys is comprised in the wire-stringed class. These are generally in the form of carts or wagons, and the peculiarly aggravating feature of their construction is not guessed at until the wheels revolve. This operation is accompanied by a most irritating tum-tumming on three or four wires, which are plucked by bristles on the axle of the wheels. Sometimes the same apparatus is inclosed in a box, and is set in motion by means of a handle, with the same pleasurable result as that achieved by one of the old-fashioned street organs with a monkey.

It is a curious fact that the acoustic principles on which the construction of most of these toys is based were known and utilized by savage nations all the world over for many centuries before intercourse with Europe became possible. Indeed, some of their musical instruments (in use at the present day) are of unknown antiquity. Thus the North American Indians make rattles of dried gourds filled with pebbles—an instrument capable of making a formidable noise. Baked clay vessels are also turned to the same purpose. Gourds are used in another way by the Hindoos, who attach them to a species of stringed instrument to increase its resonance, in the same way that we employ sound-boards in the present day. Pandean pipes made of reeds seem to be the common property of every nation under the sun; indeed, all kinds of pipes and flutes are common to all countries, and in many cases the term flute is applied to all wind instruments indiscriminately. Savage nations make their flutes either of pottery or bone, the tibia or perhaps the thigh-bone of a fallen foe often furnishing his enemies with music for many years after his decease. And this is not the only case of human remains being turned to musical account, for travellers tell us that drums are often stretched with human skin. Thus savages are not content with belaboring their foes during life, but continue the castigation after they have ceased to exist.

Instruments of percussion, whether adorned with human skin or not, seem to be very favorite things with primitive man. This is no doubt owing to the ease with which such instruments could be made and used. The same reasoning applies to instruments of the harmonicon class, which have been constructed of every conceivable substance from which can be extracted an atom of resonance. Stringed instruments are also found in different forms in all quarters of the globe. The most primitive form is a rough board with a few strings stretched across it. This is the parent of the dulcimer, which in its turn is undoubtedly the prototype of most of our modern stringed instruments. The older method of procedure was to pluck the strings of all such instruments with a small pointed piece of bone or stick, the violin bow being of later date altogether.

It is a remarkable fact, and one which gives color to the assumption that the love of music is natural and not acquired, that the various instruments used by savage tribes in widely separated countries are almost identical in character. This shows that the same ideas have arisen and have been acted upon by people who can have had no kind of communication. More than this: where the art has so far advanced as to give a definite structure to instruments, making them capable of affording a regular scale of notes, the particular arrangement adopted is the same in different countries. For instance, in Mexico and Peru we find an instrument which produces a scale of five notes (the Pentatonic scale), sometimes called the Scotch scale, because the arrangement is a characteristic feature of many of the Scottish melodies. In an opposite quarter of the globe altogether, namely, in China, we also find a clay instrument having five finger-holes, and giving the same scale.

These facts prove that musical ideas are not the result of civilization, but are naturally acquired. The same delight with which a child shakes its rattle urges the savage to act in the same manner. It may be imagined that the first step in the process of musical education was prompted by the wish to imitate the calls of birds, either for the mere sake of imitation or as a help to snaring them for the purposes of food. The voice would naturally be the agent employed, until some accident, such as the whistling of the wind through the reeds, or past some favorably placed hole in the rocks, would suggest that art might be capable of producing sounds of louder quality.

It is probable that every nation under the sun has contributed in some degree to the various instruments used in our modern orchestras. We have arrived at a pitch of perfection in their manufacture which renders any great improvement in them simply impossible. Not only has the skill of the best workmen been devoted to them, but the aid of science has also been enlisted in their service. We now know the conditions under which sounds are made manifest to our senses. We can analyze them, and by suitable materials and mode of workmanship can give them a certain quality or *timbre*, a judicious blending of which constitutes the charm of a complete orchestra. There is no more interesting field of inquiry than this question of the *timbre* of musical sounds. We have no English word to express this quality, and therefore we use a French one; but the great German physicist Helmholtz makes use of a far more expressive term for the same thing, that is, *Klangfarbe*, the English equivalent for which would be clang-tint. He tells us that the peculiar clang-tint of every instrument by which we can identify it is due simply to the number of harmonics, or overtones, which fill the air when any one note is sounded. It is difficult for even a practiced ear to detect these superposed sounds; but by suitable apparatus their presence in all instruments is rendered audible. In the piano and violin these overtones follow one another in a regular series. For instance, we will suppose that a certain note on the violin gives five hundred vibrations in a second of time. The overtones to that note will give respectively twice, three times, four times, etc., five hundred vibrations; and such a series will form the octave, the fifth, the superoctave, the third, etc., of the note sounded. But in the clarionet and other instruments the harmonics follow a different order, and therefore the *timbre* of the sounds produced is entirely changed. A curious fact in connection with this subject is that Helmholtz's beautiful theory was long ago anticipated in practice by the builders of church organs. In all old organs we find what are called *mixture* stops. In these stops, instead of one pipe to each note, there are three or four; so that when a single key is depressed, a full chord is sounded. Now these pipes are tuned to the harmonics or overtones of the notes to which they are attached, and therefore add a richness of clang-tint to the full organ.

DON'T hawk, hawk, spit, spit, blow, blow, and disgust everybody with your Catarrh and its offensive odor, when Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will speedily destroy all odor, arrest the discharge, and cure you.—[*Com.*]

THE HUMAN HAIR.—How many persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament, by burning it with *alcoholic washes* and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for the skin, and is not absorbed. *Burnett's Cocoaine*, a compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, etc., is unrivalled as a dressing for the hair—is readily absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off and promoting its healthy growth.—[*Com.*]

FLOWERS FADE AND DIE.

THE rich fragrance of Murray & Lanman's Florida Water is the perfume of nature's rarest flowers. The flowers fade and die, but their living breath—so to speak—is made perpetual in this exquisite floral water; for the handkerchief, the toilet, and the bath.—[*Com.*]

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and Breath, is the best liquid dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites, or living "animalculæ," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath; it is perfectly harmless, and delicious as sherry. Prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, No. 493 Oxford Street, London, England, and retailed everywhere in the United States.—[*Com.*]

Now that the popular games of Archery and Lawn Tennis are all the rage, our readers will profit by consulting PECK & SNYDER's price-list, advertised in this Number. They are sole agents for America for the two leading manufacturers in that line in London.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely pure—made from Grape Cream of Tartar, imported exclusively for this Powder from the Wine district of France. Always uniform and Wholesome. Sold only in cans by all Grocers. A pound can mailed to any address, postage paid, on receipt of 60 cents. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 171 Duane St., New York. Most cheap powders contain alum; dangerous to health; avoid them, especially when offered loose or in bulk.

TRADE MARK.

JOHN S. BROWN & SONS, Belfast, Ireland,

Manufacturers, by power and hand work, of Initials, Monograms, Arms, Crests, in Table-Linen and Napkins. Can be ordered of any retail dry goods store.

WE ARE SOLE AGENTS FOR

PHILIP HIGHFIELD'S

CELEBRATED

Archery Implements

AND

JEFFERIE'S

POPULAR LAWN TENNIS.

COMPLETE SETS OF JEFFERIE'S TENNIS FOR $15, $20, $25, $30, $40, and $50.

Complete Archery Club Outfits, from $5 to $100.

The "Modern Rules" of Lawn Tennis. Cloth, by mail, 25c.

The "Modern Archer," by an Expert. Cloth, by mail, 25c.

"No home-made bows or target arrows can half-way equal those beautiful weapons made by Philip Highfield, of London."—MAURICE THOMPSON, in *Scribner's Magazine.*

"The Highfield Lemon-wood Bows are the best for general use."—See article on "Archery," New York *Herald*, May 12, 1879.

We have just published a 196-page Catalogue, containing 700 illustrations of sporting goods, &c., &c. Price, by mail, 10c.

Our New Sea-Side List of Archery, Tennis, &c., sent free.

PECK & SNYDER,

Manufacturers and Importers,

Post-Office Box 2751. 124 Nassau St., N. Y.

PHELPS, STOKES & CO.,

I. N. PHELPS,
JAMES STOKES,
ANSON PHELPS STOKES.

BANKERS,

45 WALL ST., NEW YORK,

ISSUE TRAVELLER'S CREDITS AND

CIRCULAR NOTES

On the Union Bank of London,

AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

PRINTING PRESSES

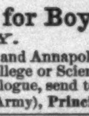
from $1.00 to $150.

Book of Type, 10 c. Circulars free.

Sample Package of Cards, 10 c.

YOUNG AMERICA PRESS COMPANY

35 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.



VIREÜN (School for Boys),

Sing Sing, N. Y.

One Hundred Pupils to West Point and Annapolis in last seven years. Preparation for College or Scientific Schools equally thorough. For Catalogue, send to

Col. H. C. SYMONDS (late U. S. Army), Principal.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE BEST Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. Beware of counterfeits and imitations similarly put up. For sale by druggists, grocers, liquor merchants, and L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

C. F. A. HINRICHS'

English Archery, Lawn Tennis, &c.,

NEW YORK.

Cuticura

REMEDIES

Infallibly Cure all Skin and Scalp Diseases, Scaly Eruptions, Itchings, and Irritations.

The testimonials of permanent cures of Skin and Scalp Diseases, which have been the torture of a lifetime, by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, are more wonderful than any ever before performed by any methods or remedies known to the medical profession.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, a powerful Blood purifier, is the only purifying agent which finds its way into the circulating fluid, and thence through the oil and sweat glands to the surface of the skin, thus destroying the poisonous elements with which these vessels have been daily charged.

CUTICURA, The Great Skin Cure, applied externally, arrests all unnatural or morbid growths which cover the surface of the diseased glands and tubes with Scaly, Itching, and Irritating Humors, speedily it removes them, leaving the pores open, healthy, and free from diseased particles of matter.

Thus internally and externally do these great remedies act in conjunction, performing cures that have astonished the most noted physicians of the day.

SALT-RHEUM FOR 30 YEARS

On the Head, Face, and Greater Part of the Body, Cured.

Messrs WEEKS & POTTER: *Gentlemen*,—I have been a great sufferer with Salt-Rheum for 30 years, commencing in my head and face and extending over the greater part of my body. I have taken gallons of medicines for the blood of different kinds and tried good physicians, all of which did me no good, and I came to the conclusion that I could not be cured. But a friend called my attention to an article in the *Union* on skin diseases, and I got a box of CUTICURA. The first application was a great relief, and the third took the scales all off, and I felt like a new man. I have used three 50-cent boxes, and my skin is smooth, and I consider myself entirely cured. Hoping that this may be seen by some one afflicted as I have been (if there is any) is my earnest wish. And I cheerfully recommend it to all persons afflicted with like diseases.

Yours truly, B. WILSON LORD.

AGAWAM, MASS., *Sept.* 9, 1878.

The CUTICURA SOAP should be used for cleansing all diseased surfaces, as most soaps are injurious to the skin.

LEPROSY.

A Modern Miracle. Astonishing results from the use of CUTICURA.

Messrs. WEEKS & POTTER: *Gentlemen*,—We have a case of Leprosy in our Poorhouse which is being cured by your CUTICURA REMEDIES. The county had employed all of our doctors, and had sent to New York for advice, but to no avail.

The patient commenced using the CUTICURA, and immediately began getting better.

He had been confined to his bed for two and one-half years. *Had not had his clothes on during this time.* Last week he dressed for the first time.

When he washed, there would at least *one quart* of scales come off of him.

This happened every day.

We think it is a wonderful cure.

We do not say he is cured, but he is in a fair way to be cured, to say the least. Yours truly,

DUNNING BROTHERS,
Druggists and Booksellers.

ALLEGAN, MICH., *Feb.* 11, 1879.

NOTE.—Messrs. Dunning Brothers are thoroughly reliable gentlemen, and were unknown to us prior to the receipt of this letter. We firmly believe this CUTICURA will permanently cure this very severe case of Leprosy, as it has done many others.

Prepared by WEEKS & POTTER, Chemists and Druggists, 360 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and for sale by all Druggists and Dealers. Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes, containing two and one-half times the quantity of small, $1. RESOLVENT, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents per cake; by mail, 30 cents; 3 cakes, 75 cents.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Weak and Sore Lungs, Coughs and Colds, Weak Back, Stomach, and Bowels, Dyspepsia, Shooting Pains through the Loins and Back, Spasms or Fits, and Nervous, Muscular, and Spinal Affections, relieved and cured when every other plaster, liniment, lotion, and electrical appliance fails.

A NEW LIBRARY EDITION

OF

HUME'S ENGLAND.

History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James II., 1688. By DAVID HUME. New and Elegant Library Edition, from New Electrotype Plates. 6 vols., 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $12 00. *Sold only in Sets.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

RICKSECKER'S SKIN SOAP. FACE POWDER.

Ricksecker's Skin Soap is the only Toilet Soap made absolutely of vegetable oils. It is safe, economical, and softens the skin. Large cakes, 25c. each.

Ricksecker's Face Powder is pure, **free from objection,** and a positive luxury. 50c. a large box. THEO. RICKSECKER, New York.

KEY WEST | Havana Cigars—"Cheroots," $30 per 1000. K. W. Elegantes, $25. Sample box by mail, 50c. J. M. AGUERO, 246 6th Ave., N. Y.

WANTED—Northern Pacific Common and Preferred Stocks and Bonds. Also, Denver and Rio Grande Common Stock. For information and quotations regarding all stocks and bonds, and whether you wish to buy or sell, write to SMALLEY & GALE, Bankers & Brokers, 35 Broadway, N. Y.

Rogers' Groups of Statuary,

PRICE $10 AND UPWARD.

Enclose 10 cts. for Illustrated Catalogue, to
JOHN ROGERS,
23 Union Square, New York.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JULY

CONTAINS:

NARRAGANSETT PIER. By Prof. CHARLES CARROLL.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—On the Beach.—Narragansett Beach.—The Rocks of Narragansett.—Angling.—Old Pier at Narragansett.—Pettaquamscott River.—Where are the Gentlemen?—Where the Gentlemen are.—Idle Hours.—Indian Rock.—"On the Wings of Song."—Indigenous Loungers.—A Race on the Beach.—A Natatory Lesson.—At the Wreck.—At the Turnstile.

THE OWL-CRITIC. A POEM. By JAMES T. FIELDS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—"Who stuffed that White Owl?" "I'm an Owl; you're another."

THE LAND O' BURNS. By W. H. RIDEING.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The twa Brigs of Ayr.—The Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon.—High Street and Wallace Tower, Ayr.—Greenan Castle, near Ayr.—Tam o' Shanter Inn.—"A Haggis, Sir."—"Aboot twa Mile, straight oot."—"At the Spoot."—The Burns Cottage, Alloway.—At the Spinning-Wheel.—The Prophecy.—Alloway Kirk.—The Monument.—Auld Brig o' Doon, at Ayr.—Scotch Washing.

THE MOWING. A POEM. By S. H. M. BYERS.
With an Illustration.

A PENINSULAR CANAAN.—III. DELAWARE. By HOWARD PYLE.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Picking Peaches.—Running for the Train.—In the Northern Market: "Peaches, one Cent."—Assorting the Peaches.—A Farm "Pluck."—Group of Nomadic "Plucks."—The Peeling-Room.—Belmont Hall.—John M. Clayton.—Old Welsh Tract Church, 1746.—Barrett's Chapel.—Old St. Anne's Church.—Raising Cypress Logs in the Dismal Swamp.—Making Shingles.—The Phantom Horseman.—The Captain of the Yacht Delaware.—Lewes.—Breakwater Light.—A Bit of Sentiment.

THE HAPPY ISLAND. A STORY. By EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

A ROMANCE OF EASTHAMPTON. A STORY. By A. A. HAYES, Jr.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—"Forsyth bent over and pressed his Lips to Nellie's Hand."—"It proved to be Half a Dozen old Letters."—Tail-Piece.

THE STORMING OF STONY POINT. By H. P. JOHNSTON.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Stony Point and Verplanck's Point.—Anthony Wayne.—The Attack.

FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN ART. By S. G. W. BENJAMIN.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—"Miranda."—"Taking the Veil."—"Mumble the Peg."—Portrait of Fletcher Harper.—"The Judgment of Paris."—An Ideal Head.—Portrait of Parke Godwin.—"A Surprise."—"Desolation."—A Study from Nature.—"Noon by the Sea-Shore: Beverly Beach."—"Altorf, Birth-Place of William Tell."—"A Winter Scene."

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE. A NOVEL. By DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Head-Piece.—"Calling her Brother's Attention to her Millinery, her Wreath and Veil."—"Mrs. Jardine, who was just escaping from the room, turned round."

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES SUMNER. By E. P. WHIPPLE.

THE DIARY OF A MAN OF FIFTY. A STORY. By HENRY JAMES, Jr.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.

EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD.

EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS FOR 1879.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year........$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " " 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " " 4 00
The THREE publications, one year........10 00
Any TWO, one year........ 7 00
SIX subscriptions, one year........20 00

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS,

An excellent appetizing Tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole civilized world, cures dyspepsia, diarrhœa, fever and ague, colics, and all disorders of the digestive organs. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by **Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.**—J. W. HANCOX, U. S. Sole Agent, 51 Broadway. P. O. Box 2610, New York.

FREE TO ALL
FLEETWOOD'S
LIFE OF CHRIST.

850 Pages. Over 200 Illustrations.

Free to all who send us their address and six cents in postage stamps. Address
UNITED STATES BOOK & BIBLE CO.,
178 & 180 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

ROUSSEAU & CO.'S AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC BURGLAR ALARM and BELLS, for Dwellings, Banks, and Stores. Factory and Office, 138th Street and 4th Avenue, New York City.

$72 A Week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

J. & C. JOHNSTON,

Broadway, 5th Ave., and 22d St.,
NEW YORK,

Are daily adding to the following departments choice selections of New Goods, both of foreign and domestic manufacture:
SILKS, SHAWLS, MOURNING GOODS, COLORED WORSTED DRESS GOODS, GRENADINES AND BUNTINGS.
PRINTED COTTON DRESS GOODS IN MOMIE CLOTHS, SATINES, COTELINES.
ARMURES, PERCALES, CHEVIOTS, ZEPHYRS, ORGANDIES, JACONETS, AND PRINTED IRISH LINEN LAWNS.
CLOTHS, SUITS, AND CLOAKS.
HOSIERY, LACES, AND WHITE GOODS.
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS, BOYS' SUITS, BOOTS AND SHOES, MILLINERY, UPHOLSTERY GOODS, AND AMERICAN, ENGLISH, FRENCH, TURKISH, AND ORIENTAL CARPETS AND RUGS.

Samples of Dry Goods and Illustrated Catalogues sent gratuitously by mail to all parts of the country on application.

J. & C. JOHNSTON.

Harper's European Guide-Book FOR 1879.

By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE.

IN 3 VOLS. PRICE, $3 00 PER VOL.

The Volumes sold separately.

Vol. I. Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland.
Vol. II. Germany, Austria, Italy, and the East.
Vol. III. Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Spain.

☞ *Either of the Volumes sent by mail on receipt of Three Dollars.*

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK: French Without a Master, German Without a Master, Italian Without a Master. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. Complete in one volume. Price, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.
CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.
"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., and J. MILHAUS & SONS.

Warren's Astronomy.

Recreations in Astronomy. With Directions for Practical and Telescopic Work. By the Rev. H. W. WARREN, D.D. With 83 Illustrations and Maps of Stars. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

The study of astronomy, always fascinating, is made peculiarly attractive by the novel and interesting method of presentation employed by Dr. Warren, whose volume amply justifies the use of the word "recreations" on the title-page. The author fully understands the difficult art of presenting scientific facts through the medium of the imagination.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

New England Normal Musical Institute

Commences July 10, for five weeks. Boston's most eminent professors. A rare opportunity for teachers desirous of higher attainments, and students in every stage of proficiency. Moderate rates. Send for circular to **E. TOURJEE, Music Hall, Boston.**

SALESMEN WANTED $125 A Month and Expenses selling to DEALERS CIGARS. SAMPLES FREE. Send 3c. STAMP to insure answer. S. FOSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O.

ANNUAL RECORD OF Science and Industry for 1878.

Prepared by Prof. SPENCER F. BAIRD, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, with the Assistance of some of the most Eminent Men of Science in the United States. Large 12mo, Cloth, $2 00. (Uniform with the volumes for 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, and 1877.) The Complete Set, 8 vols., for $15 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

ENGLISH TOILET ARTICLES.

TRUEFITT'S "EAU RACINE DES INDES,"
For Restoring & Preserving the Natural Color of the hair.

TRUEFITT'S "EGG JULEP,"
An elegant Shampoo Wash for the hair.

TRUEFITT'S "FLORAL EXTRACT,"
A refreshing Tonic Wash, for cleansing the scalp & hair.

TRUEFITT'S "EUCHRISMA,"
A most delightful and invigorating Tonic for the Hair.

TRUEFITT'S "TONIC TOOTH BRUSHES,"
To be used without Paste or Powder. Recommended by the profession.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
McKESSON & ROBBINS, New York,
WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR AMERICA.

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

LATEST ISSUES.

No.	Title	CTS.
45.	All or Nothing. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey	15
46.	The Plague in London. By Daniel Defoe	10
47.	The Grahams of Invermoy. By M. C. Stirling	15
48.	Coward Conscience. By F. W. Robinson	15
49.	The Cloven Foot. By M. E. Braddon	15
50.	Quaker Cousins. By Agnes Macdonell	15
51.	The Sherlocks. By John Saunders	15
52.	That Artful Vicar	15
53.	Under One Roof. By James Payn	15
54.	Eothen; or, Traces of Travel brought Home from the East. By Alex. Wm. Kinglake	10
55.	"For a Dream's Sake." By Mrs. Herbert Martin	15
56.	Lady Lee's Widowhood. By E. B. Hamley	15
57.	A History of Our Own Times. By Justin M'Carthy. No. I	20
58.	Basildon. By Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt	15
59.	John Halifax, Gentleman	15
60.	Orange Lily. By May Crommelin	10
61.	Impressions of Theophrastus Such. By George Eliot	10
62.	The Zulus and the British Frontiers. By Thomas J. Lucas	10

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

$2,000 A YEAR for honest, intelligent business men or agents. New business; light work. Address J. B. CHAPMAN, Madison, Ind.

$66 A week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

AGENTS WANTED for the sale of our popular Subscription Books. Circulars sent on application to HARPER & BROTHERS,
SUBSCRIPTION BOOK DEPARTMENT,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

LADIES Can make $5 a day in their own city or town. Address ELLIS M'F'G CO., Waltham, Mass.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Hand Printing Stamps. Circulars free. G. A. Harper & Bro., Cleveland, O.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year........$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " " 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " " 4 00
The THREE publications, one year........10 00
Any TWO, one year........ 7 00
SIX subscriptions, one year........20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Numbers for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft**, to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY and BAZAR render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: in the WEEKLY, Outside Page, $3 00 a line; Inside Pages, $2 00 a line. In the BAZAR, $1 00 a line. Cuts and Display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

DR. P. F. MARSCHALL' DENTIFRICE FOR THE preservation of the teeth and gums and sweetening the breath; $1 per box. L. SHAW, 54 West 14th St.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.
HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James II., 1688. By DAVID HUME. New and Elegant Library Edition, from New Electrotype Plates. 6 vols., 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $12 00. *Sold only in Sets.*

II.
ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1878. Prepared by Prof. SPENCER F. BAIRD, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, with the Assistance of some of the most Eminent Men of Science in the United States. Large 12mo, Cloth, $2 00. (Uniform with the volumes for 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, and 1877.) The Complete Set, 8 vols., $15 00.

III.
WARREN'S ASTRONOMY. Recreations in Astronomy. With Directions for Practical and Telescopic Work. By the Rev. H. W. WARREN, D.D. With 83 Illustrations and Maps of the Stars. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

IV.
GASPARD DE COLIGNY (Marquis de Chatillon), Admiral of France, Colonel of French Infantry; Governor of Picardy, Ile de France, Paris, and Havre. By WALTER BESANT, M.A. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

V.
TALES FROM EURIPIDES. By VINCENT KING COOPER, M.A., late Scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents; Cloth, 35 cents.

VI.
HARPER'S EUROPEAN GUIDE-BOOK FOR 1879. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. With Maps and Plans of Cities. Eighteenth Year (1879). In Three Volumes. 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00 per Volume.
VOL. I.—Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland.
VOL. II.—Germany, Austria, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece.
VOL. III.—Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Spain.

VII.
THE ZULUS AND THE BRITISH FRONTIERS. By THOMAS J. LUCAS, Captain of the late Cape Mounted Rifles. 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

VIII.
IMPRESSIONS OF THEOPHRASTUS SUCH. By GEORGE ELIOT. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25; 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

IX.
THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS. By W. M. THACKERAY. In Two Numbers of the Half-Hour Series. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents each; Cloth, 40 cents each.

X.
LORD BACON. By Lord MACAULAY. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

XI.
HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A. Vol. III., Puritan England, 1603–1660; The Revolution, 1660–1688. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50. *Vols. I., II., and III. now ready.* 8vo, Cloth, $2 50 per volume.

XII.
ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. Edited by JOHN MORLEY. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents per volume. The following volumes are now ready:
Thackeray. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
Robert Burns. By Principal SHAIRP.
Spenser. By Dean CHURCH.
Daniel Defoe. By WILLIAM MINTO.
Goldsmith. By WILLIAM BLACK.
Hume. By Professor HUXLEY.
Shelley. By J. A. SYMONDS.
Sir Walter Scott. By R. H. HUTTON.
Edward Gibbon. By J. C. MORISON.
Samuel Johnson. By LESLIE STEPHEN.

XIII.
HOW TO GET STRONG, AND HOW TO STAY SO. By WILLIAM BLAIKIE. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

XIV.
THE RIFLE CLUB AND RANGE. By A. H. WESTON. With Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

XV.
HALF-HOUR HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Being an Introductory Volume to "Epochs of English History." By MANDELL CREIGHTON, M.A. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

XVI.
THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. A History. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL.D., D.C.L. With a Portrait of William of Orange. A New Cheap Edition is now ready. 3 vols., 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $6 00. *Sold only in Sets.*

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

*** *These Novels are in Paper, except where otherwise specified.*

Orange Lily. By MAY CROMMELIN. 10 cents.
My Sister's Keeper. By LAURA M. LANE. 20 cents.
Mr. Grantley's Idea. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. 25 cts.
John Halifax, Gentleman. 15 cents.
Basildon. By Mrs. ALFRED W. HUNT. 15 cents.
Lady Lee's Widowhood. By Colonel HAMLEY. 15 cents.
"For a Dream's Sake." By Mrs. HERBERT MARTIN. 15 cents.
Under One Roof. By JAMES PAYN. 15 cents.
That Artful Vicar. 15 cents.
The Sherlocks. By JOHN SAUNDERS. 15 cents.
Quaker Cousins. By AGNES MACDONELL. 15 cents.
Coward Conscience. By F. W. ROBINSON. 15 cents.
The Cloven Foot. By M. E. BRADDON. 15 cents.
The Grahams of Invermoy. By M. C. STIRLING. 15 cts.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

NOW IN ORDER.

VERMILYE & CO., BANKERS,

Nos. 16 and 18 Nassau St., N. Y.,

Buy and sell ON COMMISSION, for cash or on margin, all securities dealt in at the New York Stock Exchange.

United States 4 per cent. Bonds, and all other issues of the Government, bought and sold at market rates, FREE OF COMMISSION, and on hand for immediate delivery.

Called 5-20s bought or exchanged on favorable terms.

Interest on deposits, subject to draft at sight.

The American Pedometer accurately measures the distance walked. Price $5. Sent by mail, prepaid, on request. TIFFANY & CO., Union Square, New York.

CURE BY ABSORPTION.

"SAPANULE"

THE GREAT EXTERNAL REMEDY,

Cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LAME BACK, and all DISEASES and ACCIDENTS to the SKIN. Used in FOOT or SPONGE BATH, it at once relieves and cures pain and soreness of body or feet from whatever cause. Physicians of all schools recommend its use.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SAMUEL GERRY & CO., Proprietors,
237 Broadway, New York.

MABIE, TODD & BARD,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GOLD PENS,

PENCILS, HOLDERS, CASES, etc.
180 Broadway, New York.

Send for Price-List.

Our Goods are for sale by First Class Dealers in the U.S.

WANTED—A party owning, free of debt or other encumbrance, in an excellent location, a new, neat, and substantial factory fitted with needful power, machinery, tools, patterns, and materials, and in successful operation, manufacturing an entirely new first-class Sewing-Machine, for which a first-class patent has just been allowed, of which he is sole owner, desires entirely reliable parties of ability, experience, and cash, to take charge of the manufacturing and sales departments, in a partnership or stock company. Best references exchanged. Address **Post-Office Box 343, Chicago.**

H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS

Liquid Paints, Roofing, Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Sheathings, Fire Proof Coatings, Cements, &c. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST.

H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO. 87 MAIDEN LANE, N.Y.

$3 Printing Press

Prints cards labels &c. (Self-inker $5) 13 larger sizes For business or pleasure, young or old. Do your own advertising and printing. Catalogue of presses, type, cards, &c., for 2 stamps. **Kelsey & Co. Meriden, Conn**

SHORTLIDGE'S SUMMER SCHOOL for Young Men and Boys, at Seashore, Cape May. $7 a week. Address SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE (Harvard University A.M.), Media, Pa.

Silver-Plated Ware

MANUFACTURED BY THE

Meriden Britannia Company,

No. 46 East 14th Street,

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE ADAMS & WESTLAKE

WIRE GAUZE, NON-EXPLOSIVE

OIL STOVE.

The **ONLY** Oil Stove made with **WIRE GAUZE** inside the **reservoir,** on the principle of the Sir Humphrey Davy Safety Lamp, making it **absolutely non-explosive.**

AWARDED

The **Highest Premium—a Medal—at the Paris Exposition** of 1878 for

Safety, Capacity, and Durability.

Made in four sizes—one, two, three, and four burners. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List.

THE ADAMS AND WESTLAKE M'F'G CO., CHICAGO.

GORHAM MFG. CO.,

Silversmiths.

Sterling Silver Wares, 925-1000 fine, of the highest character, and GORHAM PLATED WARES, the STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.

For sale by all first-class Jewellers throughout the United States.

Manufactories, Providence, R. I.
Wholesale, No. 37 Union Square.

THE BEST, THE CHEAPEST.

GENUINE WALTHAM WATCHES

IN SOLID GOLD AND SILVER CASES ONLY.

NO BRASS, NICKEL, OR PLATED CASES ARE EVER SOLD BY US.

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

Silver Key-Winders, **$9.90**.......former price, **$13**
Silver Stem-Winders, **$13.70**....former price, **$18**
Gold Key-Winders as low as.................. **$38**
Gold Stem-Winders as low as.................. **$50**

Write for our PRICE-LIST, which describes all the various grades and sizes, with prices of each, and explains our plan of sending Single Watches without risk to any part of the country, no matter how remote. Address

HOWARD & CO.,

264 Fifth Avenue, New York.

We send the Price-List free of postage to all who write for it, except to those who want to act as agents or those who ask for discounts. We have no agents, and make no discounts whatever.

SMOKE CUBEBS.

Marshall's Prepared Cubebs and Cigarettes,

A SURE REMEDY

For Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Asthma, all Diseases of the Throat, Hay-Fever, Foul Breath, &c.

JAMES B. HORNER,
59 Maiden Lane, New York, U. S. A.

Sample box by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents. Sold by Druggists.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

An overdose of Dinner often deranges the system, brings on flatulence and wind colic, and subjects the patient to great bodily suffering. A single dose of

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient

Will correct the acidity, relieve the pain, carry off the offending cause, and save sometimes a long spell of illness. Its effects are gentle and thorough, and its general use would prevent much suffering.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

RENT PAID TWO YEARS AND A HALF BUYS AN ORGAN.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.,

Whose Cabinet or Parlor Organs are acknowledged to be UNEQUALLED IN EXCELLENCE—having received the HIGHEST HONORS at EVERY WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION FOR THIRTEEN YEARS, and being the ONLY AMERICAN ORGANS WHICH HAVE RECEIVED SUCH AT ANY—now offer them, not only for cash, but also on the following VERY EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT:

They will rent an organ with the agreement that when the whole amount of rent paid equals the value of the organ, it shall become the property of the party hiring it, without further payment. The rent per quarter, payable in advance, is one-tenth of the value of the organ, so that ten quarterly payments complete its purchase. Or, payments may be made monthly, if preferred.

This plan presents two very important advantages:

1. An organ can be obtained on very easy terms, viz.: payment of $5 or upward, according to size, per month; or $6 75 or upward every three months, until paid for.

2. One can thus have an organ on trial for six months, or longer, for a reasonable rent only; and so thoroughly test it, and see if he values it, before completing the purchase—having all rent which has been paid applied upon the purchase, whenever made.

Only makers of VERY BEST ORGANS, which can be depended upon to give satisfaction in all cases, could afford to offer such terms.

Organs are furnished on these terms, not only in the immediate vicinity of our warerooms, but in any part of the country which is readily accessible.

PRICES OF MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS are but little more than those of the very poorest organs made. On above easy terms of payment, they are furnished for $67 50, $82 50, $97 50, to $500 and upward. *Reasonable deductions are made from these prices when all cash is paid.*

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES, PRICE-LISTS, and Circulars, describing FIFTY-EIGHT DIFFERENT STYLES, with much useful information about organs, sent free to any address.

154 Tremont St., BOSTON; 46 E. 14th St., NEW YORK; 250 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS.

In 20 Numbers, of superior English make, suited to every style of writing. A Sample of each, for trial, by mail, on receipt of **25 cts. Ask your Stationer for the Spencerian Pens.**

Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. NEW YORK.

A GRAND THING.

"The pale, yellow face of many a poor man, or woman, or child, is daily seen on our streets suffering from these terrible malarial affections, and who haven't the means to employ professional services, and to whom 'Thermaline' is the boon that will give them relief. We know that it is curing thousands."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

CONGRESS WATER,

Pronounced by Physicians and Connoisseurs to be the **Purest Mineral Water Known.** Nothing *Bitter, Acid,* or *Crude* to *irritate* the *Mucous Membrane.* Sold by all leading Druggists, Grocers, Hotels.

YOUMAN'S CELEBRATED HATS.

ONLY CORRECT STYLE.

719 and 1105 BROADWAY.

FISHERMEN! TWINES AND NETTING,

MANUFACTURED BY

WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.

☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

Harper's New and Enlarged Catalogue

WITH A COMPLETE ANALYTICAL INDEX,

AND A

VISITORS' GUIDE TO THEIR ESTABLISHMENT,

Sent by mail on receipt of NINE CENTS.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

IN LOVE AND IN DEBT.

"Who is that, Carrie?"

"Dionysius Harrington. Is he not handsome?"

"Handsome! I should think he is. What a partner for the Lancers! or to take one sleigh-riding, or down to supper, or, in fact, anywhere where a *tête-à-tête* was a possible contingent."

"He is sure to be at the Nevilles' ball to-night. Perhaps you may be able to test your opinion on that subject."

"If he is there, I certainly shall."

"Provided you have an opportunity. 'Handsome Dion' is in great request; but then yours is quite a new face, and a débutante is always sure of a certain amount of attention."

Carrie's tone was a little piqued, and pretty Margery Heywood felt that it was just as well to drop the subject. Fortunately Broadway affords plenty of conversational resources, and some imported costumes in a window supplied a topic of interest quite equal to handsome Dionysius Harrington.

Perhaps in Margery's mind there was an unacknowledged connection between the two. Dion and dress were not so very far apart; for a man who attired himself so elegantly was not likely to be indifferent to the toilets of the women whom he delighted—or condescended—to honor.

This point settled in her own mind, Margery was full of confidence. She had been brought up in a world where the milliner and tailor

"Are throned powers, and share the general state."

Her own dress was always perfect; her ribbons never *chiffonné*, her gloves new, her general costume like a morning-glory before twelve o'clock—it had no yesterday. Indeed, she really considered negligence in dress one of the deadly sins among respectable people. So that, under any circumstances, she would have prepared carefully for the Neville ball; but it was certainly worth extra trouble when she was hopeful of eyes that could appreciate colors and combinations. Her reward was with her, for she had a great success that night. Her toilet was the rarest and richest in the room, and Dion Harrington signified his approval by the honor of three waltzes. After such a mark of distinction, Margery could repose, as it were, upon the laurels of her own perfections.

In fact, neither men nor women are as ill-natured as the general bill of accusation makes them. There was a great deal of genuine admiration for so beautiful a couple.

"He is like some young Greek god, with his clear face, and grand stature, and clustering curls," said his chum, Harry Lake, almost with the enthusiasm of a woman.

"And she is far lovelier than any Greek ever dreamed a goddess could be," said August Berners. "Don't talk to me, Harry, about any classical Venus; I prefer the American beauty, with her little, irregular, mobile face, all light and color, her restless, swaying figure, and her ravishing toilets. I tell you those grand women robed in a piece of white linen are not my style at all, Harry;" and August turned with a look of admiration toward the couple they had been discussing.

They were sitting chatting together; and there was a look on Dion's face which absolutely indicated that he had forgotten himself, and was admiring some one else. Margery was certainly doing her best to charm him, and she had instinctively found out the best way—she was making Dion talk in a manner that really amazed himself. Among men he was a sensible fellow, with plenty of his own opinions; but among ladies he generally relied on his personal advantages.

Besides, his object was to conquer women rather than to amuse them, and he had generally found a few sighs and glances a very effective method of subjugation. But this night he was actually talking to Margery on every kind of topic, and feeling, also, an obligation on himself to say the cleverest thing he could think of at the time. After their first waltz he began his usual routine of remarks:

"We have had very bad weather lately, have we not?"

Margery did not assent according to rule and precedent, but said, "Really I wonder you should think so. It is always changing. What more would you have? There was once an old lady who used to tell her grumbling nephew that he ought to be thankful for any weather at all."

"I think nearly every one grumbles at the weather."

"I have noticed that. If men are not satisfied with a party, or if any thing goes wrong in their business, or in their view of politics, they grumble at the weather. I don't believe that any two lovers, or any form of government, could stand six weeks of settled sunshine."

Dion looked at the clever, bright face, and had nothing ready to answer. Here was a girl talking about politics and governments. He did not see how such a case was to be met. So he drew Margery's attention to a singular-looking man dressed in extravagant colors, who had taken an attitude by the chimney-piece:

"That is Ralph Lockhart; he imagines that he has a great deal of taste, Miss Heywood."

"So he has, Mr. Harrington, a very great deal; but then—*it is all bad.*"

"Lockhart had a large fortune left him last year."

"What an enviable position! How does he spend it?"

"To spend it is contrary to his principles and feelings."

"Does he lend it, then?"

"That is contrary to his sense of duty toward himself."

"What does he do with it, then?"

"He has sunk it all in a life-annuity. Is he not an idiot?"

"No. I think him very sensible indeed. That plan comprises every interest he need care about—*his own.* Besides, don't you think it must be a dreadful thing for a selfish person to die and leave any thing behind him?"

"Well, Mr. Lockhart does not interest me any more. Who is that handsome, melancholy-looking man talking to Carrie Lawson?"

"That is Edgar Hill; he writes something or other. He married about a year ago, and my friend Harry Lake says he has found out that his wife has a temper."

"That ought not to surprise him: many women possess tempers. Perhaps even the angels have tempers—who knows?"

Dion looked at this strange girl. She had a metaphysical, dreamy look in her eyes; there was no telling how she might turn the commonest subject. He remembered that he had another engagement, and made his most graceful apologies. Still he was wondering, all the time he was away from Margery, what she was thinking about him, and tormenting himself with the memory of several good things that he might have said, and did not say.

Perhaps that was the reason that he called upon Margery the next day, and the next, and so on indefinitely. In a month the handsome Dionysius was no longer at the general service; he was devoted to Miss Heywood. Then people began to talk. Some very good people, professedly anxious to repress malicious rumors, propagated them; and though they declared them to be incredible, still, unfortunately, they believed them to be only too true.

Men beat women hollow at a match of ill nature, if they are inclined at all to take a hand in it. There are two Sir Benjamin Backbites for one Lady Sneerwell, and in this case, humanly speaking, there was some excuse for them. Dion's beauty had been an aggravation in many ways; but that he should use it in order to carry off the heart of the heiress of Heywood Park was a little more than the majority felt able to calmly approve of. "Parasite," "fortune-hunter," and such ugly names, were rather freely used. As for Margery, they pitied her. "Poor thing!" And a shake of the head or a shrug of the shoulders conveyed an otherwise inexpressible prophecy of suffering and contempt.

It is easy to profess indifference to such ill-natured talk, but people can not be indifferent to the results of it. In this case the rumors reached Margery's aunt at Heywood, and she sent a peremptory order for her niece's return home immediately.

At this order Margery was very cross. She did not want to go back into the country, and she did think that, in some way or other, Dion might have prevented people's remarks. And his little effort to talk the matter over with her only made her more angry; for her loving, anxious heart was waiting to hear something more sweetly personal than:

"I can not imagine, Miss Heywood, what pleasure people find in gossip."

"You can not?" snapped Margery. "Well, then, let me tell you that all pleasures are short-lived except that of watching the mistakes of our friends, and comparing them with our own virtues."

"I suppose so."

"Oh, you do?"

"Yet Harry Lake said, last night, that of all ridiculous proverbs, that one, 'Say no ill of the dead,' is the most absurd. It is reversing the natural order of things, Miss Heywood, and ought to be, 'Say no ill of the living.'"

"Harry Lake is right. I like his sense. When a lady is in her grave, how can it matter to her what a set of silly people say about her on the Avenue or in the Park?"

"Let Life live while it may."

"And dissect the deceased. If society must cut up somebody, I make our set a present of Boadicea, or of Hannah More. They can use their initials any way they like. But I must bid you farewell. I leave for Heywood in the morning."

"Where shall we meet again?"

"I am no diviner." She was pale and angry, but the tears were in her eyes. She knew that he loved her. Why could he not—why would he not—say so?

"*Why?*" She asked herself this question all during the next summer. For Dion, having discovered that Miss Heywood was with her invalid aunt in a small village in the Pennsylvania mountains, abandoned at once the delights of fashionable hops and drives, and devoted himself to Miss Heywood and Miss Heywood's aunt.

It was a summer to date from all of life afterward. Such glorious mornings by the trout streams! Such evenings in the moon-lit hills! Such walks, and talks, and rides! "A young man so handsome—so very handsome—a young man so clever and polite, and so respectful to age," Aunt Heywood had never seen. Forty years before, she had had a lover, who went to sea and never came back again, and she believed Dion to be exactly like him. Yes, she was certain that if ever she had been married, and had had children, all her sons would have been just like Dion. The old woman loved him, in her way, quite as much as the young one.

This fair and happy summer at length came to a close. Dion found the ladies one morning in the midst of trunks and toilets. A sudden frost had set in, and Aunt Heywood missed the comforts of her own home. Dion lingered, silent and sorrowful, till after lunch, and then he asked Margery to go into the woods for a walk with him. He had a confession to make, he said, if Miss Heywood permitted it.

Miss Heywood thought he might have spoken without her permission. "Too much courtesy, too much courtesy," she whispered her own heart; but she signified her assent by a little nod of her head, and a set, steadfast look into the water.

"Miss Heywood—*Margery*—I want to confess to you what a foolish waste I have made of my life and fortune. Hitherto I have squandered them in the silliest of pursuits."

Margery began to tap her foot restlessly.

"I have been so vain of my good looks."

She looked half shyly and half admiringly through her eyelashes at him.

"And I am sorry to say that, in order to do them justice, I have been very unjust to others. I am very deeply in debt, and—"

"Deeply in debt!" Was that what he had to confess? She colored violently, and rose. "Mr. Harrington, your debts do not concern me, unless—unless—"

"I expect you to pay them? I suppose that is what you think I mean, Miss Heywood. How can you misjudge me so cruelly? I beg pardon for presuming to imagine that you could feel any interest either in the past or future of so worthless a life as mine has hitherto been."

He rose to go, and some dumb, evil spirit possessed the girl. She longed to smile, to speak, to detain him; but she could not permit herself to do it.

"Good-by, Margery—*dear Margery.* When I venture to speak to you again, I hope to be more deserving of a hearing." He put out his hand, and she would not see it. Oh, it was hard that he would not understand the love and longing and disappointment in her heart! She had a right to be angry with a man so blind; and as she could not for very shame go into a good, womanly passion, she gave vent to her feelings in a very unwomanly exhibition of sarcastic indifference.

But when Dion had really gone, she fell with passionate sobbing upon the ground, until the pines talked soughfully among themselves, and wailed back to her in those melancholy tones they learn I know not where.

Aunt Heywood was as broken-hearted as her niece. She brooded on the loss of the gay, beautiful youth, with something of both a mother's and a lover's anguish; and when, a week later, they heard that he had sailed for the coast of Africa as supercargo of a friend's ship, all the sunshine died out of the two lives at Heywood Park.

A year later old Miss Heywood died, and Margery was left sole mistress of her person and fortune. There were some rumors of a strange will made by Miss Heywood in her last hours, which it was thought Margery would dispute. But the rumor died, and the young heiress apparently settled down to a monotonous life, in which nothing of youth seemed left her but the "having loved."

In the second year a little ripple was made in Heywood by the advent of Harry Lake. Harry had been Dion's great friend, and was probably even then in correspondence with him. Margery had always avoided Harry's uncle hitherto; but now, with a sweetness that no old man could resist, she inquired after his health, his crops, and whatever other subject seemed of importance to him.

In fact, she quite won the old bachelor's heart. It was a great grief to him that he could not hope to wed her for himself; and he half disliked his nephew for his chances. But at any rate he determined that such a nice girl—and such a rich girl—should not go out of the family; and he soon let Harry know that the prospect of inheriting the Lake estate rested very much upon his marriage with Margery.

"But suppose the young lady will not have me, uncle?"

"You are not to suppose failure, Sir, in any thing. You have no rivals here—*but me,*" the old man grumbled, not very pleasantly.

Harry was in a dilemma, and he sat thinking long over it that night. But he was endowed with a nature singularly honest, and at this juncture it helped him better than intrigue. He simply wrote a little note to Margery, asking permission to see her next day at noon. He received, as he expected, a cordial assent; and so, putting Dion's last letter in his pocket, he went almost confidently over to Heywood Park.

It was a very pleasant meeting, but Harry was determined not to let their conversation drift into generalities. "Miss Heywood," he said, "I am going to ask from you a very singular favor. I—I want you. In short, I want you to refuse to marry me."

Margery could not help a smile at Harry's awkwardness. She readily divined that he had something important to say to her, and that he had, in his eagerness to be perfectly plain about it, begun at the end instead of the beginning. So she said, "I shall certainly refuse you—when you ask me, Mr. Lake."

"Oh, that of course! No fellow like me expects to get a hearing, after poor Dion could not succeed. But the truth is just this: my uncle admires you so much that he threatens to leave me nothing unless I marry you."

"And you prefer to be disinherited, of course?"

"No, no, no; but, Miss Heywood, I am dead in love with the dearest little girl, and I am over head and ears in debt also; and if I vex uncle, he will give me no money—and don't you see how the thing is?"

"Not exactly. Now what am I to do? Tell me plainly."

"Well, I shall write you a letter to-morrow—a real, old-fashioned Sir Charles Grandison letter—and ask your permission, etc., etc., to pay my devoted duty, etc., etc., to you. And I shall show this letter to uncle, and get his suggestions and approbation."

"Yes; and then I am to—"

"To answer it, just in your loftiest style, Miss Heywood. If you say a few words a little down on the Lakes, I don't mind it at all, and it will finish the matter. Of course I shall be cut up, and all that. If my poor Dion was here, he would find some clever way out of the scrape; but I can never think of any thing but just going to head-quarters, as I have come to you."

"It is the best way. A straight line is just as good in love as in geometry."

Then the affair was talked over, and Margery brought all her woman's tact and delicacy to its arrangement. Things were planned so as to proceed more leisurely; for the climax, instead of coming the next day, as Harry proposed, was indefinitely put off. But Margery thought herself well paid for her complaisance; for in a very short time Harry knew as well as possible the true state of her heart, and many a precious bit of news he brought her concerning Dion, and one day he managed to forget a photograph of him, and never afterward to remember its loss.

So, with this fresh interest in life, time did not seem so heavy to poor Margery. She had Dion's pictured face, and every now and then a few words of information about him, or else a long talk with Harry concerning the manifold perfections of one so dear to both.

But though the final letter was delayed as long as possible, Uncle Lake at last got impatient. "Harry had spent part of every day at Heywood for four months; if boys and girls did not know their own minds in that time, they never would." So the old gentleman wrote the proposal himself, stated frankly what lands and money he intended to give Harry, and solicited for the young man the hand of his fair neighbor.

The answer had been carefully prepared by the two young people. It was exquisitely polite, but yet it contrived to hit delicately several points on which Uncle Lake was very sensitive; and, in fine, it absolutely declined any alliance with his house.

The effect was better than they had dared to hope. Uncle Lake was greatly offended, and for Margery's sake recalled the very worst of the stereotyped flings at women and women's ways so generally familiar to bachelors young and old.

"However, he was very sorry for me, Margery," said Harry, one day, a week afterward, "and he has shown it in a way that I thoroughly appreciate."

"A check?"

"Yes, for ten thousand dollars."

"Did you pine much, Harry?"

"No, I could not manage it; and, do you know, that pleased uncle. He praised my spirited behavior, and said that was just the way he took a saucy woman's No thirty years ago; and then he gave me the check, and told me to go to Paris for a season."

"And you go, I suppose?"

"Just as soon as the dearest little girl is ready to go with me."

"Will you have enough, after paying your debts?"

"I shall naturally consider my wife's comfort before my creditors'."

"Oh, Harry! Harry!"

"Well, Margery, I never could keep out of debt and out of love. The men I trade with and the girl I love always have a lien on me."

After Harry left, letters were long delayed. Addresses were lost or changed, and week after week and month after month passed without bringing any word from Dion, about whom he had promised to write. In the third summer Margery was so lonely that she determined to join some friends in a European trip; for she was sure by this time that Dion had quite forgotten her.

So she wandered all summer in the sunniest places of the earth, and was so charmed and happy that she really believed her love and her regrets were buried deeper than any memory could reach for them. In fact, she had another lover, an estimable, learned young clergyman—a very apostle in the standing collar and single-breasted coat of the nineteenth century. That he was in every respect the antipodes of Dion was, she thought, an advantage. Plain, pious lovers might turn out better than the gay and handsome ones.

She was sitting, one lovely afternoon, on the top of Richmond Hill, with a letter from him in her hands. That she was in no hurry to open it was not remarkable; the panorama of natural beauty before her, and the gay succession of lovely women and splendid equipages, sufficiently amused and interested her.

But as she sat, musing, with the unopened letter in her hands, some one suddenly stood between her and the sunshine. She looked up, and instantly put out her two hands with a joyful cry to Dion.

"O Margery! Margery! Margery! O my own love! my dear love! my darling!" while, in a minor under-tone, Margery was sobbing: "Dion! Dion! Dion! You have nearly killed me! How could you, Dion? You don't know that you have nearly broken my heart. Yes, you have, Sir."

And there upon the ground lay the Reverend Cyril's letter, and Margery stepped right on it, and never saw any thing again in all that marvellous landscape but just one beautiful face.

Then there was such an explanation to be gone through that at ten o'clock that night they had only got as far as their unfortunate parting. And this seemed to remind Dion of something; for he said: "Oh, Margery darling, I am afraid I must tell you the same old story. I have worked very hard, and all that, but *I am still in debt.*"

"No, you are not. I have something to tell you, also. Aunt Heywood left you all her money, provided you claimed it within five years after her death; if not, it was to be mine."

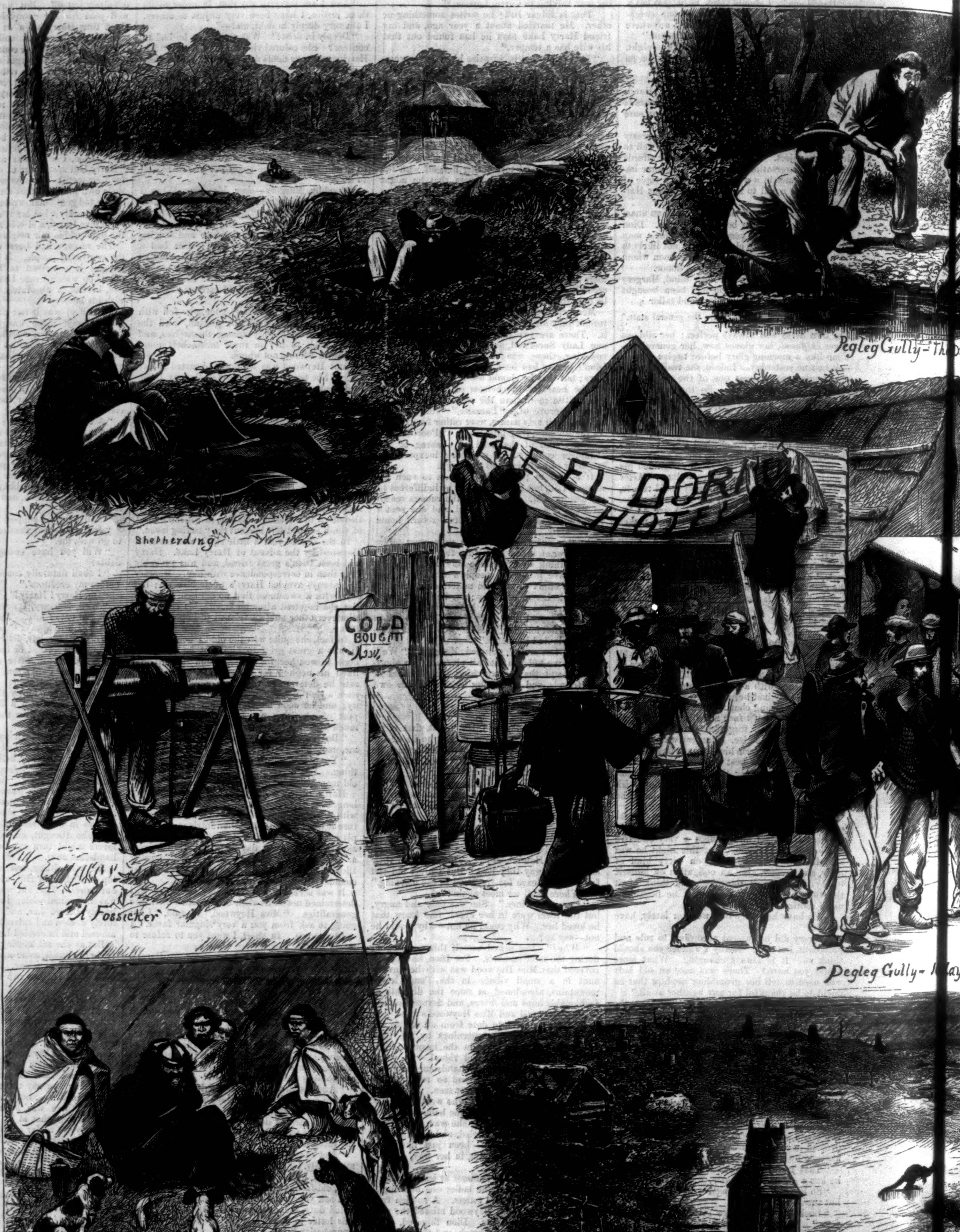
"It will still be yours, Margery."

"No, I do not want both you and the money; I have enough of my own."

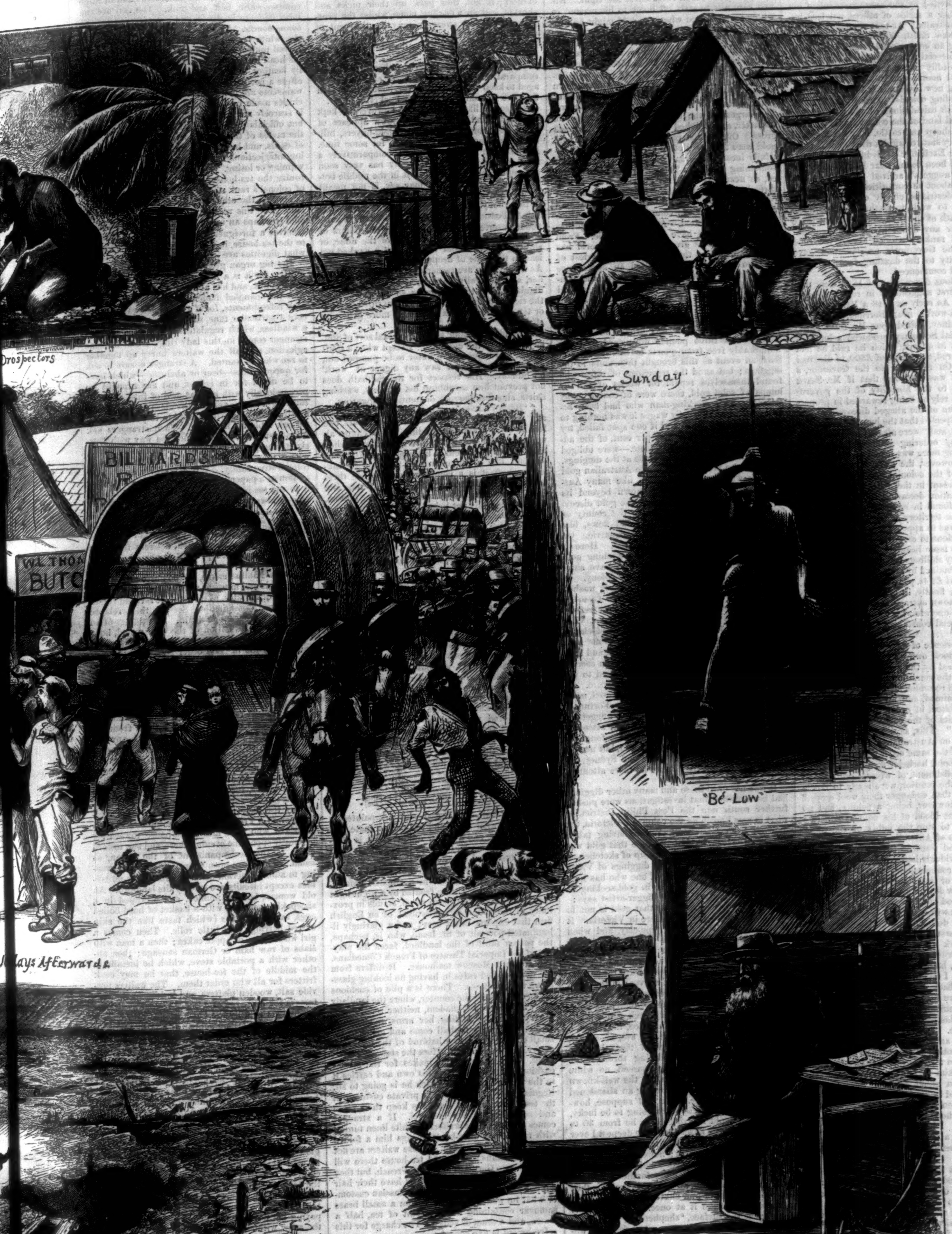
"Then I shall get out of debt at last."

"No, you will not, Sir. You owe me the price of three years of my life. You will never be out of my debt, and you will never be out of my love."

"I don't want to, sweet Margery; and they who are deep in love can afford to spend twenty out of an income of nineteen; for you know the old proverb: 'There was a couple who loved one another, and they always took what they had, and they never wanted.'"



GOLD-DIGGING IN AUSTRALIA.



AUSTRALIA.—[See Page 520.]